THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume III | New York, Wednesday, April 14, 1926 | Number 23

CONTENTS

Judge or Jury? 617
Week by Week 619
Mexico and Public Opinion 623
Poland's Problems 624
Social Credit and the Just Price, I ..... Robert Rodger 625
Doors (*verse*) ..... Mary Brent Whiteside 626
Brownson: Militant Philosopher ..... Edythe H. Browne 627
Georgia's Spanish Missions .... Richard Reid 628
Christian Art in Vienna ... Joseph Mitterauer 631
The Pilgrim's Lifted Eyebrows ..... Katharine Maynard 633
Communications 635
The Play ..... Henry Longan Stuart 637
Books ..... Thomas F. Woodlock, Dino Bigongiari, Thomas Walsh 638
The Quiet Corner 643

JUDGE OR JURY?

M. GEORGES LENOTRE, in one of those fascinating narratives of his which give us what might be called the "underside" of the French Revolution, relates an amazing story.

During the last days of the Reign of Terror, at a time when the daily fournées for the guillotine had attained appalling proportions, it happened that a double rank of victims, awaiting their turn to mount the scaffold in what is now called the Place de la Concorde, were so pressed upon by the crowd who had come to see (and to applaud) the spectacle, that the foremost fringe of sightseers touched the backs of the doomed. Owing to a sudden movement it chanced that one of these last was forced out of his place and for one terrible moment actually formed part of the crowd. Stepping forward to resume his place, he was amazed to find himself not only restrained back but actually pulled back, while the throng as if some secret signal had been given, opened their ranks to let him pass, closing them upon him as, with a coat hurriedly thrown over his shoulders and his hands unbound, he was hurried to a place of safety.

The story is interesting. It not only tells the tale of what is believed to be the sole escape from death of a victim once sentenced by the terrible revolutionary tribunal, but also features, far more eloquently than any psychological dissertation could do, the strange dualism of the average man, face to face with the law and face to face with the individual who has incurred its penalties.

Theoretically, all men, except those who are in chronic revolt, respect and esteem the law, without whose protection they could not live out their lives for twenty-four hours in safety or comfort. Practically, very few, even in democratic countries such as our own, where the law may be said to be their own creation, feel a very conscious glow when they see its sword unsheathed and poised to strike. The statement must be amended slightly to exclude cases where the feeling of outrage seizes upon an entire community, and when the law that has been infringed is vindicated, roughly and speedily, by corporate action in hot blood. What is being referred to now is the feeling of the average citizen, who has not felt the immediate reactions of the crime, who knows its details only through reports that reach him in the press, or, if he be a juryman, only by the evidence given in the detached atmosphere of the court-room, where the culprit stands with the power to harm stricken from his hands.

In all the editorial and magazine articles that are being penned upon the swollen crime statistics in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United States, this lack of enthusiasm for seeing law carried out speedily and ruthlessly, this failure to register indignation at the obstacles which legal chicanery can throw in its way, is seldom mentioned except to be deplored. Without any intention of being a devil's advocate, however, it might be worth one's while to examine such tendencies a little more closely, and to see whether they may not be part of the price (the "ransom," in French phrase) which we in America pay for the democratic contexture of our laws—the reverse side to a good deal for lack of which our commonwealths would be the poorer.

Those who blame the impartial spirit of the average citizen toward the law, which may range from a perverse sympathy with the accused to a detached spirit of an onlooker at a game of skill in which his own interests are not involved, are fond of referring to the differences observed in English law and popular respect for its enforcement. English speed in securing conviction, English disregard of whether the culprit be rich or poor, the authority of English judges, the docility of English juries under judicial direction, even the solid and stolid virtues of the English policeman, come in for lavish and envious praise. There are times when such eulogies as that, for example, pronounced by Mr. Lawrence Veiller in the April issue of the World's Work, make one, not unfamiliar with England, rub his eyes, and wonder whether a perfect instrument of justice has not at last been forged in an imperfect world, whether the stories of misdirection and miscarriage, whose echoes never seem to reach across the Atlantic, are unsubstantial things, and whether statements not infrequently heard that it is as impossible for a rich man to be convicted in England as for a camel to pass through a needle's eye, are not so many slanders, coined by the disloyal for the besmirching of their country's fair fame abroad.

Those who lay these tributes of appreciation upon the fabric of English law, fragrant as the posies of sweet-smelling herbs that are still put upon the desks of judges at assize time in some old-fashioned cities, probably give little thought to the spirit in which their own law, so lavishly blamed for its failings and loopholes, was conceived. The men of the revolutionary epoch had not the same respect as they for English law, for the very good and sufficient reason that English law was not then respectable. The men who wrote state constitutions were not to be impressed by horsehair wigs and fur tippets. They had probably read the state trials of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and were familiar with exhibitions of browbeating, tyranny and subservience to government which could hardly be excelled by the notorious tribunal of the farmers-general in pre-revolutionary France. Their decision to make the state judicial bodies elective ones may or may not have derived from a familiarity with the darker side of the English judiciary by royal appointment. But it did mark a departure from the conception of law as an impersonal engine, to be administered, when necessary, in the teeth of popular sentiment. It did mark a step toward humanizing justice at the same time that it democratized judges.

One may deplore the lengths to which this humanizing spirit has been carried. One may assert that social complexities in America have reached a stage that leaves no room for this "folksy" conception of jurisprudence. But one cannot, at this stage of the game, call into question such inherent parts of it as election of state judges and district-attorneys (or prosecutors) and the power of juries to signify by a verdict in contradiction with the letter of the law what they conceive to have been its spirit and intention, without, at the same time, questioning the wisdom of the fathers of the republic, who willed that in the sovereign states at least, bench and bar should never assume the quality of close and tradition-bound corporations over which the people at large had abdicated their control, or that the fabric of laws should become for the layman something that, like David's sins, had gone over his head and pressed heavy upon him.

Everything human has the defects of its qualities. Incompatibles reject compromise and impose a choice. It is rather amusing, in the World's Work article to which reference has been made, and which, by the way, makes many valuable suggestions, to find its author pleading, in the same breath, for swift justice on the English model and for the retention of such luxuries as the differentiation "between the professional criminal and the casual one, between crime that is practised as a business and crimes of emotion or passion." These are complications that English law avoids by the simple process of disregarding them. There is no doubt that the speed and efficiency of our own law would gain greatly by an adherence to English practice. But before securing it by legislation we should be very sure that it is in line with feeling in a country which one sometimes needs to be reminded is not England, and has problems other than England's to solve.

Vigilance is proverbially the price of liberty. No one disputes that abuses have crept into the large-hearted American conception of justice. But, also, nothing needs more careful watching than proposals, however plausibly advanced, that tend to take the popular element out of law to the profit of the professional and technical. Steady pressure is at work whose result, if successful, would be to heighten the power of judges and depress the power of juries. The quarters from which it is proceeding will repay close attention. When a federal judge, impatient at the clogging of the prohibition docket, can describe the claims for jury trial on the part of the accused as "folderol," it cannot be pretended that the danger is an imaginary or spectral one.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH — HELEN WALKER
HENRY LONGAN STUART — GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS — JAMES J. WALSH
CARLTON J. H. HAYES — R. DANA SKINNER
BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

Subscription Rates Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

THE attitude taken by the administration in declining to accept the invitation to attend a League of Nations parley concerning the reservations appended by the Senate to its permission of adherence to the World Court, can be explained in only one way. Washington is not afraid of the sinister diplomacy of even so formidable a person as M. Paul Boncour. It cowers in fear before the grumbling Middle-West which, led on by those who are indigenous on principle, threatens to change its vote if there is too much "international nonsense" in the air. But though this speculation about the hand which guides Mr. Kellogg may be interesting psychologically, it merely reinforces the impression that our foreign policy is sterile and provincial. The Senate authorized our adherence to the World Court; and that should have implied, at least as far as the State Department was concerned, a new fact in the history of our international relations. But when the organization with which we are dealing, with which we knew all along that we were going to deal, proposes a practical means for disposing of certain difficulties of detail created by reservations stipulated by us, Mr. Kellogg proceeds to peer about for spooks and scent intrigue in the wind. Fortunately enough, we have the economic prestige which recent war years have showered upon us; for, were American interests dependent upon statesmanship for their advancement, the progress would be at the same rate as that achieved by the old gentleman who, on a languid afternoon, tried to wish himself across the street. The alternative to the Geneva parley concerning American reservations can only be a dickering with the various nations individually, with possible disagreements and discourtesies in number. It is based not merely upon blindness to what is actually modern diplomacy, but upon indifference to any diplomacy whatsoever.

THE respect with which the Senate listened to the protest of more than a hundred bishops of the American Episcopal Church against ratifying the treaty with Turkey is an indication of the importance which attaches to moral and religious arguments in the conduct of government. Modern diplomacy has for its chief aim the establishment of relations which will guarantee as far as possible the peaceful conduct of business. But should it overlook altogether—as seems to be the case when a treaty officially recognizes the authority of a nation—the crimes which such a power as Turkey has committed against certain abiding human rights? The bishops, dwelling on the horrible accounts of what has been happening in Armenia and other Christian territories of the Near East, declared that the ratification of the treaty would mean closing an eye to "acts which are abhorrent to all who love justice and righteousness." In reply it may be urged that a mere refusal to deal with Turkey would do neither us nor the Christian minorities any good. The treaty does stipulate that certain American rights shall be respected by Constantinople, although it does not grant everything which Mr. Hughes tried to obtain during the course of negotiations at Lausanne. In exercising these rights we would probably be in a better position to counteract a little of Moslem frenzy than we should be if left to act without any program whatever. The plain truth is that Turkey, as a European power, is not very likely to be influenced by the hostility of American moral opinion. The only agency which can bring notable pressure to bear upon the Turk is the League of Nations; and possibly, if in a spirit of friendly coöperation, we proceeded to urge the cause of eastern Christian minorities at Geneva, something definite could be accomplished there.

THE bishops are, however, to be commended upon the stand taken. Western civilization has long since displayed abysmal moral weakness in its failure to carry on the age-old task of defending Christian society in the Near East against Moslem barbarism. The harrowing conditions which have been laid before the American public during the last decade, by the Society for Near East Relief, are almost incredibly ghastly. Though the spirit of Christ is mild, it is also charitable and just. But it should also occur to the minds of those who are stirred to righteous wrath by Turkish fury that the Catholic protest against similar conditions in Mexico is at least equally reasonable. The only difference is that the Rio Grande lies closer at hand than the Straits of Bosphorus. Ever

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

since the action which President Wilson initiated, at the "moral" suggestion of Mr. John Lind, we have welcomed refugees from across the border whose only offense was that they served religion; and we have listened to a constant narrative of the acts of barbarism committed by a government quite as deaf to charity and truth, quite as reprehensibly cruel in its treatment of established Christianity, as that of Turkey. Why, then, should not the Catholic protest against Mexican outrage merit just as much attention as the Episcopal protest against the treatment of Armenia? To urge both is not to discountenance either. But to listen attentively and editorially to one —as the New York Times, for instance, does—and to relegate the other to news comment buried amid several dozen columns, is more than an error in logic. It is nothing less than discourteousness which has grown out of a mistaken impression of values.

LAST week's verbatim report in the United States Daily, of the hearings before the Select Committee of the Senate which is examining the ramifications and gyrations of that very nimble unit in our national prosperity, the tariff, deserves more from public attention than, it is to be feared, it will receive. Briefly put, the evidence of Mr. Peter F. Dennis, of Maryland and of the United States Department of Commerce, amounts to a charge that the costs of production on which the tariff is, presumably, based, are obtained in haphazard fashion or are guided by interests that aim at securing the maximum duty by presenting cases where these costs are swollen by local circumstances. Senator Reed's suggestion, that by basing the duty on pig iron upon the cost of producing milling iron ore in the North, producers in Birmingham, Alabama, might be made "rich beyond the dreams of avarice," may be purposely rhetorical. But it has never been a secret that behind the tariff, which is levied for the protection of American industry and to maintain the high standard of living which is America's boast, greed may reap a rich harvest by the simple process of depressing wages, or worsening the quality of goods against which the public have not the redress of free imports. The purposes for which the tariff were designed are, ostensibly, so good, that to attack it, root and branch, is a ticklish matter. But any suspicion that it is being maintained to make the rich automatically richer, or to spoon-feed uneconomic industries into prosperity, should be countered at once, and no suggestion seems more practical than that of Mr. Dennis, who would have representative rather than hand-picked costs taken into account when the amount of duty is decided upon.

GERALD CHAPMAN dangling at the end of a prison rope would not be a pleasant spectacle. The man himself was nothing more than a grim illustration of the demon's tragical triumph over human nature. Born into this world with a clean ancestry to look back upon, with an equipment for meeting the tasks of life which was far above the average, with every encouragement to aid in discovering the peace of morals and religion, Chapman squandered all his soul's treasure until he had nothing to give society excepting the life which it felt in duty bound to take. What excuse does such a career offer for the garish accounts, the oozing sentimentality, and the profuse picturesqueness with which even the best papers besmeared themselves on his account? It was all an immense downpour of slush. With a guilty conscience, the New York World washed its hands under cover of unctuous words from Dr. A. A. Brill, the translator of Freud. "If the newspapers were to stop printing crime news," declared this fountain of modern wisdom, "it would be harmful. Suppressed tendencies of law-abiding citizens would have to take other bypaths to relief. If there were no crime news to read, respectable citizens might take to beating their wives. They would demand brutality in the prize ring—blood, suffering." It must become immediately apparent how deeply society is indebted to persons like Chapman for going to the dogs and getting themselves hanged. Otherwise, Priscilla would bear the marks of the lash on her dainty body, and the modern David Copperfield would welcome his Agnes with a blackthorn! Was there ever a more stupid coat of whitewash? But under it there lives and thrives a venom of print which we can analyze accurately when we remember this—not even Gerald Chapman, with the sins of a lifetime on his soul, wished to leave a murderer's name which might kindle the fancy of those in whom the lingering animal seeks about for a thrilling road of blood.

THE picturesque details which have flavored news accounts subsequent to the capture of Whittemore, the bandit and murderer, make the peaceful wonder if they may not wake up some morning to find the following advertisement flaunted across a page: "Wanted: healthy, aggressive young men, preferably with a college education, for membership in a highly lucrative crime-gang. Commission basis only. Really excellent opportunity for the right type of citizen." A university professor informs us that there are more than a thousand dividend-paying crime concerns in Chicago; and the conservative East, though not yet ready to challenge this record, is learning fast. The celebrated Whittemore, who, with his confederates, ignored the rights of life and private property with marvelous thoroughness, is not a master-mind. He is simply a fellow who "knew the ropes." The appalling simplicity with which the criminal can carry on his profession is, indeed, the most dangerous aspect of the present situation. Given a man unfitted for education and too lazy to work, and what avenue of life is so open and so alluring as banditry? Perhaps

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

society can accomplish something through its legal and police organizations. Obviously, the better co-ordinated and equipped the watch-dogs of the law are, the more obstacles will be thrown across the path of crime. The only root and branch cure, however, is to reduce the number of those who apply to the cut-throat employment agency. Here the Church is surely the most effective force. Through its various forms of social endeavor it can, if properly assisted, induce the inquiring young man to knock at another door than the one which housed the ambitious Whittemore from the world. And because it is one of the most practical of these forms of social endeavor, the boy-guidance movement sponsored by Brother Barnabas is worthy of especial attention just now. We are glad to see that it is making headway and that the men it has formed are at their posts in number; but the work yet to be done is vast and insufficiently aided.

IN this connection it may be observed that the investigation of mental diseases in the United States, recently completed by the Federal Census Bureau, is of great social importance. A wise and experienced spiritual director once declared that the most dangerous confusion of morals is that which results from treating without due charitableness the victims of mental illness. We are touched by physical infirmities; we do not hesitate to admit that the sufferer from tuberculosis or senile debility is entitled to assistance and even support. But what is done with those who are intellectually or temperamentally defective? The question is of supreme significance in an era when urban conditions are so largely determinant of human welfare. Premising its remarks with a reference to the fact that between the years 1910 and 1920, the city population of the United States increased at a percentage five times as great as that which marked the growth of the rural population, the Census Bureau concludes: "This marked change in the environment of a large part of the citizenry has been a significant factor in the increase of mental diseases shown by the reports gathered." Since 1880, the number of those classified as insane has increased by 160 per 100,000.

IT is sure that there is more than a casual relation between the trend of population figures and this increase in the number of mental patients. The change from the open, quiet circumstances of country living to the crowded, busy, heartless environment of the factory town, brings with it an appalling toll of insanity, especially among those who, at the close of middle age, succumb to worries because they can no longer meet the physical exactions of their toil. No doubt this change is responsible for numberless unobserved cases of partial debility—for states of mind which are like fertile areas for the crop of crime, for the fostering of sudden bloodthirsty impulses, and above all for the deadening of the moral sense. All social workers are unanimous in feeling that collapses of mental energy are responsible for much that borders on law-breaking and unsocial conduct. To hold the victims responsible would be irrational and unjust. But suffering as we do from the practical results of their misfortune, no attempt at cure or prevention should be left untried. Perhaps the publication of the Census Bureau's findings will draw a salutary attention to this important problem.

WE are so accustomed to view the American system of higher education with some disrespect that it is quite like the shock of an unexpected cold "immersing" to pick up the morning paper and read this declaration by the Spanish director-general of higher education: "We must turn to North America. Europe is exhausted. The present scientific day is a critical one for the intellectual values of the nineteenth century. If we are to build up a cultural ideal, we must become 'Americanized' rather than 'Europeanized.' The new continent received and has preserved the essence of our century-old culture; and we may take from it the spirit of initiative, energy, optimism and economic organization—in a word, the spirit of youth." In delivering this educational dynamite to the recent congress of the Confederation of Catholic Students, Dr. Wenceslao Oliveres became the recipient of enthusiastic cheers from his audience, who are working to establish in their country a university of the North American type. Among the motives which underlie this venture, is the desire to cement the bonds of intellectual friendship between Spain and the countries it once colonized in the new world. Departments for Hispano-American studies are quite the vogue, and the members of the confederation, led by their professors, are planning to inaugurate a system of exchange professorships and affiliated confederations. We think all of this energy is very useful. It grows out of the awakened consciousness of Spain, free now of the incubus of her empire and ready to become internationally powerful on the strength of active thought and commerce. But—the sceptical will ask themselves, not wholly convinced—may one conclude that some Spaniards are building air castles in the United States?

THE spirit of youth, indeed, continues to be an affair variously qualified as "flaming," "serious," and "questing." In France, M. François Mauriac has written a book about it, in which passages of rare enthusiasm alternate with pages of a somewhat disillusioned psychology. The German young people of both sexes have banded themselves together under rules which must make them either horrible prigs or superior persons—an alternative which creates both wrath and hilarity in those of crabbed age. Fortunately enough, youth in America seems to have outgrown the period when it was desperately written about and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

analyzed. People are beginning to take it for granted that neither bobbed hair nor the saxophone was the ultimate distinguishing characteristic of perverse Babylonian architecture. There is something like the tocsin of a revolt by age against its crabbedness in the comment which Dr. Manning, Episcopal bishop of New York City, recently devoted to the theme. "From my own contact with the young, and from the judgment of teachers and others intimately associated with them," he said, "I am convinced that our young men and women of today are better prepared to meet the tests of life than the generation they have followed, and will do their part better than we have done ours." All of which is not immediately verifiable but which has in its favor an accumulated evidence that challenges respect. Leisure has borne fruit. We have had, during the past twenty years, more time to study the problems of youth and more help toward solving them. Such an endeavor as that outlined by the recent Religious Survey issued by the University of Notre Dame is not only a newly instituted and increasingly effective means for guiding young men in the proper way, but its excellent results will astonish anybody who recalls how the same work was done ten years ago. If all our genuinely honest religious and educational enterprise had wholly failed to compete with the jazz band, we could only conclude that the gates of darkness are commensurate with the earth. And this would not be merely obscurantist folly, but simply and obviously a mistake.

SCHOOL inspectors are a prosaic and unimaginative clan, though Matthew Arnold once helped to shed lustre upon the body, and the almost unanimous report of the inspectors for primary schools in southern Ireland, who think the revival of the old Gaelic tongue is going too far and too fast, need not depress us into a fear that so interesting an experiment is threatened with failure. Good will and common sense, joined to enthusiasm, have before now turned a dream into a business against the glum judgment of the literal-minded. It is not so very many years ago since a group of Czech philologists, assembled in an upper room of Prague, were told by their chairman that, if the roof fell in on them during the session, the hope of ever seeing the old Bohemian tongue a literary one again would be suspended indefinitely.

MORE suggestive than the report of the inspectors is the frank admission of the Reverend Michael Quinlan, S.J., rector of Belvedere College, Dublin, that he has been forced to suspend the classes in which mathematics, history, etc., were taught in Erse, for the simple reason that the students concentrated on the language and paid little heed to the matter it was being used to convey. With all respect to the judgment of the learned rector, his method seems singularly ill-directed toward encouraging a love of the ancient tongue. Perhaps the action of the pupils in eating the jam and leaving the powder was in the nature of a protest. If the Free State authorities are really in earnest in desiring the revival of Gaelic as a popular language, some attention to the means by which the tongue of their Welsh cousins has been revived and kept alive through its association with the leisure of the people—eisteddfods, choral societies, and vernacular prayer and preaching—might not be amiss. A language that has been revived almost from death cannot take immediate part in such a mental rough-and-tumble as is implied by classical studies and lessons in mathematics. Convalescence, in some respects, is very like childhood.

THE death of Dr. Constantin Fehrenbach, the former German chancellor, has robbed his country of far more than a marked political talent. Like his predecessor from the Centre party in the same high office—Count von Hertling—Dr. Fehrenbach was a man of great personal power who, though hampered by the circumstances of the time from carrying out fully his social mission, brought to the culture which he shared a magnanimous courage and cordiality. It was his lot to represent the German government on two difficult and unsuccessful occasions—at the negotiations with the Allies at Spa, and at the London Conference of 1921. These meetings, it will be remembered, marked the beginning of an effort by the Reich to deal with its vanquishers on an equal footing. Dr. Fehrenbach, adhering to the conciliatory Centrist policy inaugurated by such men as Erzberger, failed to carry his point largely because of the antagonism from ultra-conservative groups in his own country. But when his term as chancellor had ended, Dr. Fehrenbach became the leader of his party and guided its policy in the same spirit of good will and fidelity to promises given which had marked his official acts. Today the wisdom of this course is apparent. Germany emerged from the Locarno conferences and the imbroglio at Geneva stronger and more universally respected than ever before in her history, because she concealed nothing, violated no point of international honor, and in no way departed from a steadfast fidelity to the best hopes of European reconstruction. These things must have cheered Dr. Fehrenbach as he lay dying. But he could find consolation also in the sympathetic respect of millions of his countrymen who remembered the integrity of his life and the simplicity of character and of faith which he had retained from his humble youth in a Baden town.

THE visit to England of the German minister of labor, Dr. Brauns, is also symbolic of the valuable social work which the Catholic organizations of central Europe have been accomplishing. Dr. Brauns, who has survived nine changes of the government, is a Rhineland priest whose knowledge of economic af-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fairs was gained by long years of intimate contact with life in factory towns. His greatest achievement has been, possibly, the organization of industrial conciliation—the establishment of practical means for bringing strikes and lockouts to a halt by arbitration. And though these years of financial depression have led to much industrial strife in Germany, Dr. Brauns's fairness to both parties engaged in production has gained for him the profound respect of even the violently radical elements. The purpose of his visit to England is to take part in the International Conference on Hours of Labor, now sitting under the chairmanship of the British minister of labor, and to pave the way for the ratification of the eight-hour day agreement adopted at a previous Washington conference.

MEXICO AND PUBLIC OPINION

NOBODY really believed that the Boylan resolution, calling for the suspension of diplomatic relations with the Calles government, could be passed. When representatives of the American Catholic body spoke their mind before the House Foreign Affairs Committee, those who testified were not so much interested in the result of the resolution as in giving their fair-minded fellow citizens an opportunity to know what has actually been going on in Mexico. They realized that they themselves, no less than the 20,000,000 who break spiritual bread with them, would have failed in duty and charity if they had not risen to protest against unwarranted persecution and against the complacency which so often prevails when only the goods of faith are at stake.

No honest American can turn a deaf ear to the account given by Mother Semple. Its value lies in the cumulative character of the evidence it presented. Here was no woman adventurer interested in a career or money, but a simple servant of the poor exactly like thousands of other nuns whose kindly helpfulness is an essential part of daily American life. She had no mission beyond the custody of the souls of little children.

And what was her experience? Years of unrest in which every hour was horrible with fear. Years of constant battle with those spurred on to the assault by their lust or greed. And then, finally, there came the decree of death for her work—a decree written, not because the work had not been done well or because others could do it better, but simply because the sign of the Cross was upon it.

Mother Semple had nothing startlingly new to say. Her report, simply a link in the long chain of evidence heaped up by the past ten years, could not rightly suggest any kind of governmental action. In such action, moreover, we certainly do not believe, for the reason that we trust federal power to reform other nations as little as we trust that federal power to reform ourselves. Is not the lesson of the past sufficiently clear? We all remember the débâcle which led to the precipitate recognition of Carranza; the Senate resolution of 1919, requesting the President "to withdraw from Carranza the recognition heretofore accorded him"; and the reply of Mr. Wilson, saying "with the utmost frankness that I should be gravely concerned to see any such resolution pass Congress. It would constitute a reversal of our constitutional practice." All of this was hopelessly muddled, and has proved incapable of remedying so much as one wound in the thousands under which Mexico has staggered. No, this is not a question of government action—of all the dilly-dallying of officialism.

But the plain American citizen will understand, when he comes to think over the matter, that no need of the Mexican populace is greater than its need of women teachers like Mother Semple. He may believe what he likes about the to-be-or-not-to-be of oil wells. He may be content to accumulate no more knowledge of Mexican history and economics than he can post with a one-cent stamp. But whenever blindness does not wholly rob him of his perspective, he realizes that the poor, illiterate, misgoverned, and despoiled peon has no greater treasure than his spiritual faith and the good which is done in its name; that no more dastardly blow could be delivered to Mexican culture than to strike at the props of morality and spiritual life which alone have kept it from death in the mud; and that a code of law which, systematically and explicity, aims to remove the Catholic Church from Mexico is calamitously wrong. Perhaps the plain American citizen himself stands apart from religion. However that may be, he will view with sympathy a determined movement on the part of American Catholics to formulate a reasoned opinion about Mexican affairs, to help shoulder the burden of the neighboring republic, and to oppose—precisely as they would here—the abrogation of conscience by government.

We want here to help formulate such a reasoned opinion. Pledged as we are to a definite theory of social reform, the principles of which are universally binding, it seems to us a matter of great moment that remedies should be found for the social ills of Mexico. Still more important, however, is elemental justice. And when the clique which is now dictating to Señor Calles imposes its appalling annulment of conscience, we know with whom we are dealing. We have seen them before. They are the same people who closed the schools and convents of France. The generation which preceded us saw them rousing to action the young Centre party in Germany. We ourselves have caught glimpses of their shadows in parades of spectral hoods and Washington lobbies. There is no making peace with them. Whenever they appear, we either muster our forces against them or suffer them to strip us of all we have. So that now Mexico must be a symbol of something more than anger or mere talk. It must be a call to action.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

POLAND'S PROBLEMS

A VERY able and thoughtful article by F. Fabierkiewicz, reproduced in the magazine Poland, from the Est Européen of Warsaw, upon the resumption of economic relations between Poland and Soviet Russia, deserves attentive reading, especially at this conjuncture when opposition to the entry of Poland into the Council of the League of Nations on the part of England and Germany makes a re-grouping of powers led by these recent enemies a political possibility by no means remote.

The article is moderate in tone, but very actual, and it takes note of tendencies that will not make it altogether welcome reading in some western chancelleries. Briefly, M. Fabierkiewicz rejects the rôle allotted to Poland of remaining indefinitely an impassive and inert barrier between western Europe and the Third International. Poland, he insists, "does not wish and cannot play the part of the 'Christ of nations' and sacrifice to peace her liberty and independence." As her bones harden, she must share the lot of every other nation and select from the various political orientations offered her, that which is best adapted to the security of her frontiers and the stability of her existence. Without any natural frontiers and with resignation to the changes that the Treaty of Versailles imposed not at all evident in Germany, it is common prudence for her to see that, from the East at all events, she has no immediate danger to fear.

The situation, as the writer admits, is paradoxical. But there is some comfort in his conviction that the theory which contemplates a Poland indefinitely hostile to Russia, and which would confine her function to that of a mere buffer state, is as unsound as it is impossible of permanent realization. "Poland is one of those countries in which a victory of communism, previous to such a victory in another country of Europe, would be inconvenient for the Soviets, as it would to a large extent make their international position difficult. . . . The transfer of the authority of the Third International to the eastern frontiers of Germany, while not undermining the basis of the existence of the western capitalistic states, would nevertheless destroy the principal bond which today prevents Germany from openly declaring herself anti-Soviet. . . . The move would facilitate the economic blockade of the Soviet republic, and at the same time strengthen the position of England in Asia."

It is, indeed, in the Asiatic policies of Russia rather than in any intentions she may cherish toward westward expansion that M. Fabierkiewicz sees the key of the present situation. His summary of these is welcome if only because it throws some light upon the obscure and hostile attitude of certain powers whenever there is any question of Poland taking its place as one of the major nations, with the right of a voice when major policies are decided. Briefly stated, the Polish writer sees a change slowly defining itself in Russia's national development. In his own words: "The Russia of today is a country of developing industrial conditions, a country possessing its own important industries protected by high customs tariffs and desirous of assuming the part of an export nation and the creator of works in eastern Asia, which part has heretofore been played by western Europe. This allows us to suppose that the preponderance of Asiatic ambitions in the foreign policies of the Soviet republic is based on stable foundations, which will continue even though there should be further changes in its social and economic organization."

The situation may be pregnant with coming collisions and rivalries in the far future. What is encouraging to note, if M. Fabierkiewicz's estimate be sound, is that, for a period so long that only an alarmist would care to set a term to it, it promises the elimination of Russia as a possibility of trouble to western Europe. The Polish writer sees Russia a hostage to her economic ambitions. The Soviets, on the one hand "cannot deal a blow to their export markets by means of aggressive political moves against those countries where their export markets lie." Nor can they, however resolute their infiltration, "practise aggressive politics in the East" without endangering schemes whose fruition they have set—for when? A hundred—a hundred and fifty years, perhaps. Beside immediate peace, long views, which time has a fashion of settling in its own fashion, recede into the background.

Meantime, all who wish well to martyred Poland, and with Poland to sorely-tried Europe, will hope that the relations between the two countries, so kin in race, yet so alien in culture, religion and destiny, prove to be something more than a mere barren political arrangement between old enemies, brought about by the pressure of circumstances. "Forgiveness," Alexander Pope has reminded us, "to the injured doth belong." From many points of view, and regardless of the long catalogue of wrong-doing and oppression which poisons the history of their relations in the past, Poland, as the late Archbishop Cieplak was fond of reminding his hearers during his visit, is the best fitted of all western nations to reconcile Russia with the western communion from which revolution has severed her, to the undoing and upsetting of Europe. The idea of a Russo-Polish rapprochement in anything but the most perfunctory sense may seem far-fetched and chimerical. But those who recall how, under the providence of God, the persecution and dispersion of the Irish people (the Poles of the British empire) was made the means of the spread of the Faith in English-speaking countries, will see no reason to despair of remedial processes and saving reconstructions that may well lie in the womb of time.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOCIAL CREDIT AND THE JUST PRICE

I. "THE LIFE BLOOD OF SOCIETY"

By ROBERT RODGER

(In the series of articles entitled An Editor's Progress, recently appearing in The Commonweal, Mr. A. R. Orage referred to the Douglas theory of credit. The present series, by an exponent of the system, is designed to outline the main ideas for the first time in this country. Briefly, Major Douglas traces the evils of industrialism, not to private ownership or to the system of profits, but to the control of the actual symbols of money by the relatively private banking monopoly; and his remedy is a scientific regulation of prices calculated strictly according to society's means of production. Such a system, Major Douglas contends, could be put into operation with only the minimum of disturbance to existing institutions. It involves nobody's dispossession nor the nationalization of any existing interest. The social credit movement, established in England upon Major Douglas's ideas, is steadily attracting more serious attention. Several cabinet ministers are known to be studying it; and at any moment it may become a leading public issue.—The Editors.)

THE "just price" had its origin in the middle-ages. It was first propounded by the Church, and the teachings had direct effects, for parliament, municipality, and guild endeavored to achieve in practice the ethical concept enunciated by ecclesiastical authority. Professor Ashley, in his Economic History, states these main conclusions, arrived at by Saint Thomas Aquinas: "that prices should not vary with momentary supply and demand, with individual caprice, or skill in the chaffering of the market"; and "that all merely speculative trading, all attempt to make gain by a skilful use of market changes, is to be condemned." Lipson, also, states that "to the mediaeval mind it was intolerable that dealers and middlemen should manipulate supplies with the avowed object of forcing up prices." That the principle of the just price had beneficent results cannot be doubted, for historians concur that the era during which it remained in force was the golden age of labor. The Church, meanwhile, was at her zenith; and there is something salutary in the thought that a falling back on first principles might restore something of religion's lost prestige with the masses.

The just price in its modern application is somewhat complex, being complicated by the factors of machinery and finance. Publicists like Mr. A. J. Penty, and churchmen like Reverend Vincent M'Nabb have seized on the factor of machinery and condemned it root and branch. To them machinery is of the devil and to the devil (presumably) it must return; for, they contend, the only way out of our economic cul-de-sac is backwards. This form of atavism, however, is as unnecessary as it is impracticable. The industrial machine, with all its faults, is not the source of our economic ills. It is that which gives the machine direction, viz., the factor of finance, which needs correction. Our industrial system exists primarily to deliver money, not goods. The machine is credit driven. Credit, though "the life blood of society," is a monopoly of the financier. The financier controls the machine, and it is run (through the medium of the employer) with a financial objective. Goods are kept in short supply. The minimum of commodities for the maximum delivery of money is the keynote of the policy.

The just price, as conceived by Major C. H. Douglas, is designed to reverse this policy. In Six Centuries of Work and Wages, Thorold Rogers states that in the fifteenth century the wages of the artisan were about sixpence per day of eight hours. The cost of maintenance was about sixpence per week. He also states that "food was so abundant and cheap that it was no great matter to throw it in with the wages." This, of course, was before the industrial revolution; before the advent of machine production. Now, it is rather a curious fact that though the artisan of that time could live for a week on the proceeds of a day's work of eight hours, the average artisan of today cannot do so. And this in spite of the fact that the development of machine power has enormously increased our capacity to produce goods. In the American hosiery industry it is stated that one operative (perhaps a girl) in charge of twenty-five automatic machines can turn out 150 dozen pairs of ribbed-topped stockings per day. What applies to stockings has a general application, more or less, throughout other branches of production. If, then, our productive powers are so great, sixpence today should keep the artisan, other things being equal, not for a week only, but for something like a year. Other things, of course, have not remained equal; the factor of finance has intervened to rob the community of the benefits conferred by the scientist and the inventor. Operating through the agency of price, the financial system steadily filches purchasing power from the community, so that life for the mass of the people is never far removed from subsistence level.

Mr. Reginald M'Kenna, ex-Chancellor of the English Exchequer, and today "Britain's foremost banker," would deny this. He insists that, normally, purchasing power is only issued on account of goods, and therefore no inflation of purchasing power can take place. Well, if the production of goods had always kept pace with the manufacture of money, the value of money today should be in the same ratio to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the value of money 500 years ago, as production today is to the production of 500 years ago. Sixpence could easily accomplish the apparent miracle. The fact, as already stated, is that the financial system is "weighted" against goods and in favor of money.

Here is an example of the working of the system: Supposing a group of clever forgers were to produce and circulate bogus notes to the value of $500,000. What would happen? The currency would be inflated by that amount; currency notes being produced, but no goods to balance them. There has been a levy of $500,000 imposed on the community by the forgers. Consequently, prices would tend to rise; the forgers claiming $500,000 worth of the community's goods. The goods they bought with the bogus notes belonged to the people as a whole; for the people as a whole paid for the goods, their purchasing power being diluted, or reduced, by the addition of the bogus notes to the genuine currency. The ratio between the amount of money and the supply of goods at the market had been widened. There was an increased demand in relation to supply. Prices would rise. The community would lose $500,000 of purchasing power in favor of the forgers.

Supposing, now, the forgers produce another $500,000 of bogus notes and this time lend them to an honest manufacturer. This manufacturer spends the money in building and equipping a factory. In doing so he brings about the same economic effects as the forgers when they spent their first $500,000. That is to say, the level of prices is raised for the class of goods the manufacturer has purchased. Bricks, mortar, and machinery have been bought in order to erect a factory. But brick, mortar, and machinery charges are made up principally of labor charges. Labor charges are simply cost of living charges; food, clothing, shelter, and amenities. In the ultimate, then, the manufacturer has paid for consumable goods. The community, therefore, through the price of its necessary commodities, has paid for the erection of the factory.

Our manufacturer has yet to pay back the forgers for the loan of the bogus notes and in addition, say, an interest charge of 5 percent. Let it be spread over a period of ten years. He has therefore to pay back $52,500 per annum in respect of principal and interest. Where is he going to get it? He must get it from the community! Besides the wages, salaries, profits, and other charges that he must put into the price of his products, he must also charge up this $52,500 loan and interest charge in order to pay back the forgers. So the community has to pay twice. It paid for the building of the factory; it is now called upon to pay for it again (over a period of ten years) in the price of the product.

When banks create and issue credits they produce the same economic effects as the forgers. By the issue of these credits the community has had to pay for a mass of plant and machinery valued in England alone at something like $600,000,000. We have paid for it in a diluted purchasing power. Manufacturers have redeemed it, or are busy doing so, out of our payments for the goods they produce and which we buy. "Labor" produces not only consumable goods, but also the means to further production in the shape of plant and machinery. On a rough estimate it has been calculated that plant and machinery exceed consumable goods by a ratio of about four to one. If the cost of this plant expansion is paid for in the price of consumable goods (the foregoing analysis shows that it is) is it to be wondered at that the masses are still poor despite our enormous increase in wealth-producing capacity? With the expansion of the industrial machine the burden on the community grows. The good results that should accrue from the increased capacity to produce are lost, and more than lost, by the incidence of this double burden of a diluted purchasing power and plant charges.

Here, then, is an avenue of approach toward the just price. The element of plant charge must be written off the price of ultimate goods. A just price would be one that enabled the community to purchase the whole of the goods produced, and also allow for an effective demand to be made on the potential capacity of the productive machine. This is the dynamic conception of wealth production. It provides for maximum efficiency and development. The industrial "slump" with its consequent starvation and misery would be a thing of the past. And it is simply a matter of financial readjustment.

Doors

The doors close softly, one by one,
At set of sun.
They close, and who shall count the sorrowful cost
Of keys, long lost?

There was a garden once, beyond a door—
A garden set with iris, and a pool
Silver and cool;
And one that opened on a floor
Of crumbling flags, as dim and cold
As they were old.
A lamp flung lights and shadows on a wall;
I spoke and someone answered—that was all.
There was a door into a place of song,
A door that yielded to the call of birds,
And little words
A child may dream of, all night long.
One led into a holy place,
That holds one face,
Where lighted candles burn, and common things
Go wrapped in sudden glory, and with wings.

Is life a garden, and a lighted wall,
And that is all?
Or shall we seek forever, as before,
Another door?

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROWNSON: MILITANT PHILOSOPHER

By EDYTHE H. BROWNE

ON April 17, 1926, the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Orestes A. Brownson, a mixed company will gather under the shadow of his bronze bust in Riverside Park. Philosophers in long beards will be there—for Brownson was their pilot. Scribes with pencils behind their ears will be there—for literary folk nodded to Brownson. The Catholic and Protestant clergy in sombre cloth will be there—for Brownson espoused many Christian religions for their embodying sense of spirituality, albeit he finally traced truth to her sanctuary in the Catholic Church.

But why will a Boy Scout, that pocket edition of soldiery, raise the American flag beside Brownson's bust to the stir of martial music? Why will the laurel wreath be ribboned in red, white and blue?

This man, who has been called "the long distance convert," was not only an iron American but a distinguished American soldier, a cadet of Christ, carving his way through the darkness of unbelief into the light of faith and then "carrying on." As publicist and reviewer Brownson solidified American thought; as militant convert to the Catholic Church he trod a war-path of his own making, fighting to discover truth, fighting to preserve truth. In this rôle of spiritual soldier I introduce him to my readers.

Growing tall and straight under the precise care of an old couple in Vermont, Brownson developed into the lean Protestant minister in swallow-tail coat. He had the challenging eye of a soldier and an arresting voice. Moral courage, or rather courageous energy, was his distinguishing characteristic, for he not only dipped into the wells of religion for the star of truth at the bottom, but stirred the waters in so doing—scrutinizing accepted doctrines, exhuming error embalmed for years, rescuing himself from shackling beliefs, and performing autopsies on various religions to discover why each one had died.

Brownson's mentality was like a huge searchlight, now illuminating the dark, thorny path of controversy, now switched on himself in The Convert, and The Spirit-Rapper. At eight years of age he had read the Bible through. In Brownson's younger days New England had curb-sermons. Religion was discussed everywhere—in post-office, stable, and timber yard. Orestes warmed his hands at the religious heat that distilled vague questionings in his mind. Of his early communion with religion Brownson remarked: "Theology . . . engrossed my infant mind. I dreaded . . . that which should divert my thoughts from the Deity . . . I loved night, for it seemed to shadow Him forth and give Him a local habitation."

Religion spurred Brownson's mental activities. As a Presbyterian he went down on his knees, prayerfully, searching for God in that church. He continued his effort in the Universalist ministry. He lectured in New York and promoted religious discussion in the Universalist magazine, The Gospel Advocate. His mind, the rifle that he learned day by day to manipulate expertly, discharged only in target practice. Dr. William Ellery Channing, cut from Unitarian cloth, attracted Brownson to that church and in 1832 he became its pastor at Walpole, New Hampshire. During these groping years he regarded the Catholic Church as too highly spiritualized and specialized in saints. He still looked for God, but followed false scents. Finally he splintered connections with all churches and established the Christian Union and Progress Society in Boston with the Boston Reformer as his messenger. In 1837 he edited his own sheaf of opinions, the Boston Quarterly Review. Strange that this sheet, which in after years was to echo the teachings of Jesus Christ, should have its early issues smirched by such a sentence as: "The priest is universally a tyrant . . . the enslaver of his brethren."

Then, in the dawn of a blessed morning, this soldier, drilled for many years, slipped from his training camp. He ran until he reached the blood-shot battlefield where the real war raged. Guns smoked. Sabres clashed. Armies swarmed on every side. The soldier rushed to where stood a general of the army of Christ. The general accepted him and the war of religion "carried on."

Brownson was that soldier, and a Catholic prelate, the general. On October 20, 1844, he was received into the Church by Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston. Of his conversion Brownson has said: "The convert to the Church is the prisoner liberated from the bastile . . . the manacles fall from his hands, and the fetters from his feet." He soon realized that the Church did not chain reason but rather freed it from mortal moorings and wafted it to spiritual heights.

His heart was scoured of scepticism and he no longer went about with his brow knit. He made himself a hair shirt of moral discipline for protection against poisonous philosophy. Aspiring to leadership in that huge unliveried detachment of Christ's army—the Catholic laity—Brownson pressed the wrinkles out of his own uniform first before presenting himself. Instead of a lodge button he wore a scapular.

His conversion quickened his fighting blood. Humility weaned him from error but it was a humility born of conviction rather than chloroformed submission. His life up to the time of his conversion was merely a sham battle. He had fought to discover truth. Now that he knew in what castle that fair lady sat enthroned he sought to vanquish her enemies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that climbed like destroying vines around the castle. Brownson was one of Christ's high-mettled soldiers. That ready rifle, his acute mentality, heretofore used in target practice, now hit the very centre of important issues in the real war between religion and materialism. Until his death in 1876 he had his finger constantly on the trigger.

Brownson could not abide the pliant, acquiescent Catholic, who sips his religion and apologizes for it. He believed that every Catholic, as a living repository of truth, was bound to proclaim his distinction. Through his Quarterly Review he wielded a pen in direct, vigorous treatment of personal opinions. The eminent Dr. Corcoran compared Browson's rich style, clothing his massive thought, to "the mantle of gold which enwrapped the matchless Olympian Jove of Phidias." Because he wore Catholicity on his sleeve, as a proud soldier wears an honor stripe, he gave good example and launched the conversion of many.

Brownson was not an American Catholic but a Catholic American whose nationality was standardized by his religion. He said: "I believe that he who can exert the most influence on our Catholic population . . . will exert the most influence in shaping the future destiny of the American republic." His most important book, The American Republic, preserved this harmonious tone between the words "Catholic" and "American." He bid foreigners at America's shore to live as good Catholics so as to become better Americans. He loved Irish Catholics; yet because he censored the weak-kneed among them he was accused of persecuting them.

As a reviewer Brownson was an arbiter in the literary world of the 'sixties. Anxious authors watched his smile or his frown. If a certain book bowed to the public in indecent dress he shamed the author by batting it from different angles—now as filthy in language, now as defiled in thought—until nothing was left but a torn cover. He had just as sharp a tooth for the literary "star" as for the underling. He reproached Hawthorne for the corrupt plot of The Scarlet Letter; he charged Bancroft with arrogance in asserting his own interpretations of God; and he objected to Lowell accenting morality at the wrong place in Sir Launfal.

So it was that Brownson, the spiritual soldier, after seventy odd years of campaigning in the war of religion, became a veteran in weakening health. He died on Easter Monday, April 17, 1876, in Detroit, Michigan. Requiem Mass was sung in Saint Anne's Church, Detroit, the first Catholic Church he had ever visited. Later his body was brought to repose forever in the Brownson Memorial Chapel at Notre Dame University, Indiana. Let us not call his death an end. Let us call it rather a truce, for the war of religion continues and "his soul goes marching on."

GEORGIA'S SPANISH MISSIONS

By RICHARD REID

THE record of the Georgia missions is an inspiring story of the Franciscans, the Jesuits, the Dominicans, and the secular clergy. It links us with the days of Saint Ignatius Loyola, Saint Francis Xavier, Saint Francis de Sales, Saint Vincent de Paul, Saint Philip Neri, Saint Peter Canisius. Indeed, it was the great Saint Francis Borgia himself who sent sons of Loyola to labor "Ad Majorem Gloriam Dei" in the new country.

The English settled Georgia in 1733. Yet one year before the first permanent English settlement, at Jamestown, and fourteen years before the Pilgrim Fathers "fell on their knees and then on the aborigines" in the Old Bay State, His Lordship, Cabeza de Altamirano, Bishop of Santiago de Cuba, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in Georgia to 1,070 neophytes.

The early history of Georgia is closely linked with that of Florida. Both were governed from St. Augustine; there was no clear line of demarkation between them such as now exists. Indeed, the name Florida was applied equally to the present Georgia. It is common knowledge that the roots of Florida history are deeply imbedded in Catholic soil. Ponce de Leon and his Catholic companions discovered Florida on Easter morn of 1513, but their attempt to found a colony was abandoned eight years later. It was in Florida—at Tampa—that Luis Cancer de Barbastro, Apostle of Guatemala, was killed by the savage Catoosas—this a generation before the first permanent settlement on the North American continent, the Catholic St. Augustine colonized in 1565.

The Catholic history of Georgia is hardly less ancient. It is probable that Ayllon, who in 1526, but a score of years after the death of Columbus, planted a short-lived colony on the coast of South Carolina, trod Georgia soil. It is certain that Hernando de Soto crossed the state "from the Savannah to the Chattahoochee" on his ill-fated march (1539-1542) to his grave of running waters in the Mississippi. De Soto was accompanied on his historic march by "twelve priests, eight ecclesiastics, and four religious." With this expedition and that of Narvaez at least fifteen priests lost their lives in the Southeast. Some of them, worn out by the hardships of battling their way through treacherous swamps and dangerous forests, found their final resting place in Georgia graves.

By right of exploration the entire Southeast was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spain's. For nearly a century and a half after the discovery of Florida by Ponce de Leon and for a century after Menéndez settled St. Augustine and colonized Georgia, their Catholic Majesties held practically undisputed sway over it. The Spanish, however, were not particularly enthusiastic about prospects in this territory. The failure of de Leon, Ayllon, de Luna, Villafane, Narvaez, de Soto, and other intrepid sons of Aragon and Castile to plant settlements which would take root, rather discouraged King Philip. He thought there were better lands in South America, and he decided to withdraw from the north country. The French changed his mind for him by settling Port Royal in 1562, and Fort Caroline, on the St. John's river, two years later.

The king dispatched Menéndez de Avilés to eject the intruders and to colonize the threatened coast. This Menéndez did in very thorough fashion, blotting his otherwise admirable record by the massacre of the defenders of Fort Caroline. The settlement of St. Augustine by Menéndez at this time, 1565, was the beginning of the continued and heroic effort to evangelize the Indians which ended 200 years later when Georgia, and subsequently Florida, passed by treaty to English sovereignty.

Georgia claims the first Jesuit martyr in the western hemisphere. He was Father Pedro Martínez, one of three missionaries sent to the Southeast by Saint Francis Borgia immediately after the settlement of Florida. This pioneer was martyred in 1566 by the Yamassee on Cumberland Island. Previously Menéndez had visited Georgia and established friendly relations with the Indians of Guale, now St. Catherine's Island, near Savannah.

After the death of Father Martínez the province of Florida, including Georgia, became a Jesuit vice-province with Father Segura as provincial. Ten more Jesuits were assigned to the new field; a school for Indian boys was started at Havana. At Guale, at St. Elena, the Carolina Spanish post among the Oriste, and elsewhere, the Jesuits began their civilizing and Christianizing efforts. Brother Baez compiled a dictionary and Brother Domingo a grammar and catechism, the first books written in an Indian tongue. After considerable discouraging work among the fickle Indians the Jesuits withdrew. Father Segura and his companions went to martyrs' deaths in Virginia; the others were transferred to the more promising fields of Mexico and Cuba.

The labors of the Jesuits were not fruitless. The results of their efforts and of those of the Dominicans, who had established a mission on St. Simon's Island, were merely lying dormant, to blossom, after further cultivation by the Franciscans who succeeded them, in the early 1570's. Under the leadership of Father Alonzo Reynosa, the prototype of the renowned Junípero Serra, the sons of Saint Francis established missions in Georgia at Ossabaw, Santa Catalina, San Simon, San Buenventura and San Pedro Islands, at Tolomato on the mainland opposite Sapelo Island, at Santa Maria, and at other points.

The exact location of most of the old Franciscan missions is unknown, but occasionally ruins of them are revealed. The archives in Cuba, recently examined, indicated the site of the Franciscan establishment on the banks of the Altamaha. Miss Mary Ross, of the University of California, found the spot and the ruins; the cells of the monks were being used as pigpens. The owners of the property regarded the relics of the missions as the remains of slave cabins built before the war. Pictures of the ruins of the Altamaha mission and of Santa Maria mission, near St. Mary's, Georgia, appear in the recently issued Debatable Land.* What an effect the reconstruction of the original missions would have on the minds of that numerous body in the Southeast which is convinced that this is a Protestant country, that Catholics are newcomers, and that as newcomers they should know their place and keep it!

It would be pleasant to record that the Franciscan missions flourished from the beginning, extending their influence and increasing in prosperity with each succeeding generation, but it would not be true. Yet there is no more brilliant page in the Catholic history of this continent than that which records the trials, the triumphs, and the reverses of these followers of Saint Francis in Georgia.

The difficulties of Christianizing the Indians were many. The natives, when not hostile, were frequently fickle. The king's officers, soldiers, traders, and adventurers in the new country at times made the work of the missionaries harder by bad example, a condition warned against in a letter from Pope Pius V to Menéndez emphasizing the fact that "nothing is more important in the conversion of these Indians and idolaters than to endeavor by all means to prevent scandal being given by the vices and immorality of such as go to those western parts."

More serious was the hostility of the English and the depredations of their buccaneers who repeatedly attacked and sacked the missions, undoing in a day the expenditure of years of unbelievable toil. The raids of Drake are an example; in 1586 he and his followers destroyed the Dominican mission at St. Simon's Island, killed the missionaries, sacked other missions along the coast, and burned St. Augustine. At San Domingo they hanged two Franciscans who came to negotiate.

"To us was the good God most merciful and gracious," Drake wrote in 1593 to Queen Elizabeth, "in that He permitted us to kill eighteen Spanish, bitter enemies of your sweet Majesty. We further wasted the country and brought it to utter ruin. We burned their houses and killed their few mules and cattle,

---

**Debatable Land, by Herbert Bolton and Mary Ross. Berkeley: University of California Press.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eating what we could of the fresh beef and carrying the rest aboard our ships. Having in mind the merciful disposition of your gracious Majesty, we did not kill the women and children, but having destroyed their provisions and property and taken away all their weapons, we left them to starve." The world does grow better. What a wave of resentment such an act of "mercy" would arouse throughout the Christian world were it perpetrated today!

Twelve additional Franciscans came to Georgia in 1593 to supplement their predecessors. Peter de Avila established the mission of San Buenventura at Ospo, now Jekyl Island, the present site of an ultra-exclusive club. Another mission is believed to have been established on the mainland north of the Altamaha river. The great expanse of swamp land between the islands and coast-fringe and the Georgia back country did not prevent the zealous Franciscans from penetrating to the interior. The Brown Robes soon came in contact with the powerful Apalache Indians, whose territory extended through southwestern Georgia from the banks of the Suwanee in Florida to the Alabama Apalachicola.

The missions were also victims of fickleness on the part of the Indians along the coast in the dying days of the sixteenth century, long before Jamestown and Plymouth, when the friars were recovering from the raids of Drake and the other buccaneers. A young Yamassee chief, a cacique's son, after a short period of fervor plunged into scandalous excesses and was privately and later publicly reproved by Father Corpa of the Tolomata mission. Enraged, the young brave gathered some kindred spirits around him, attacked Father Corpa in his chapel in the darkness of the night, stretching him lifeless with one blow and then, cowering the people, started out on a bloody expedition that gave the Church four other martyrs.

Father Corpa's companions in death were Father Rodriquez of Torpiqui, whom the murderers allowed to say Mass before execution; Father Aunon and Father de Badajoz of Santa Catalena, also killed at the end of Mass, and whom a friendly Indian chief tried in vain to save; and Father Velascola of Asao, now St. Simon's Island, the most learned and most humble of the missionaries, struck down with clubs and axes by the murderous band which met him in an apparently friendly manner on his return from a visit to St. Augustine. At the present Jekyl Island the assassins found Father de Avila who, instead of being sent to eternity after his brother friars, was sold into slavery, and a year later was rescued.

In 1602 there were 1,200 Christian Indians among the Timuqua, who numbered perhaps 20,000. Three years later seven more friars came and the Yamassee missions, destroyed by the young chief's band, were reëstablished. The Potano tribe along the Suwanee was almost entirely Christianized; efforts among the lower Creeks were fruitful; Bishop Cabeza made the confirmation tour previously referred to, administering the Sacrament to 1,070 at four Georgia missions. Father Pareja published a Timuqua catechism in Mexico in 1612 and a grammar two years later. In the former year, the Atlantic coast was included in a new Franciscan missionary province, that of Santa Elena; and Fray Juan de Capillos, a Georgia missionary, became first provincial, with headquarters at St. Augustine. The number of priests working in the Southeast was augmented by the arrival of twenty-four friars. "Thirty, forty, and even fifty was the usual corps of priests in the Florida province" at this period, Professor Bolton writes. It was the golden age of the Franciscan missions in the Old Southeast. Plymouth Rock was yet untouched by English settlers!

The number of these Catholic Indians in the Southeast is variously estimated. One authority declares that in 1634 the province of St. Elena, with the motherhouse at St. Augustine, contained forty-four Indian missions, thirty-five missionaries, and 30,000 Catholic Indians. A more conservative, although not necessarily more accurate estimate, states that in 1655 there were thirty-five Franciscan missions in Georgia and Florida with a Catholic Indian population of 26,000. It is estimated that more than twenty stations were established along the Georgia coast and up into South Carolina by 1650, and in 1655 Georgia is credited with five main missions, San Pedro on Cumberland Island, San Buenaventura on Jekyl Island, Santo Domingo at Talaje on the mainland, San José on Sapelo Island, and Santa Catalina on St. Catherine's Island. In South Carolina there was San Felipe on Parris Island, and Chatucache further north.

The missionaries also achieved gratifying success among the Apalache whose territory centered around the site of modern Valdosta, Georgia. This tribe was superior to its neighbors; evidence never has been discovered to show that it offered human sacrifice, a practice of even the intelligent Timuqua. After repeatedly petitioning for missionaries, their requests were answered in 1633 and in a few years the entire tribe from northwest Florida to eastern Alabama was Christianized. A flourishing trade with St. Augustine was developed. Unjust exactions of the governor created such discontent that in 1657 it became necessary to abandon eight prospering missions in the Apalache territory, but they were restored later by Bishop Gabriel Díaz Vara Calderón of Santiago de Cuba who, on a visitation of the Southeast, established several new foundations.

In the meantime the English had settled Charleston. The Spanish settlements in Georgia barred their way to Alabama, and conflict was inevitable. The Spanish kept firearms away from their Indians; the Carolinians armed and incited theirs. An attack on Santa Catalina in 1680 by 300 Indians headed by the English was the first of a series of such troubles; a troop of Christian Indians was carried off to be sold

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as slaves. Spain, already dissipating her energies, was not in a position to give her colonies the assistance and defense they needed. The Spanish frontier fell back from Santa Catalina to Sapelo and the Altamaha. St. Augustine, disturbed, entered its stone age. The Yamassee changed their allegiance and with English buccaneers wrecked the Guale missions. The frontier again receded, this time to Santa Maria, San Juan, and Santa Cruz, now Amelia Island. The Spanish retaliated by attacking Port Royal. England refused to sanction a counter-attack, saying that Charleston had harbored pirates and that the Scotch in the Carolinas had abetted the Yamassee.

In the meantime Carolina and Florida contended for the possession of inland Georgia, peaceably occupied by the Spanish for over a century. The Spanish, on the whole, fought a losing fight. At the dawn of the eighteenth century, Moore, a former governor of Carolina, leading fifty English and 1,000 or more well-armed Creeks, Catawbas, and other un-Christianized savages, destroyed ten of the eleven Apalache missions, slaughtered hundreds of Christian Indians and Spaniards, four priests, including Father Pareja and Father Mirando—who were among the many burned at the stake—and carried off 1,400 Christian Indians to be sold as slaves in Carolina or to be distributed for adoption or torture. Of the 7,000 Christian Apalache only 400 escaped. Everything on the peaceful, flourishing missions was destroyed.

Undaunted, the Franciscan missionaries soon were directing their energies to the task of restoring the ruins of their generations of work. The Yamassee, dissatisfied with their treatment at the hands of the Carolinians, made peace with the Spanish. By 1720 there were again six towns and seven missions of Catholic Indians in the devastated area inland; six years later there were still 1,000 Catholic Indians in Georgia.

In 1733 Georgia was founded as a buffer colony between Carolina and the Spanish settlements; the grant ended at the Altamaha river. The English desired the territory between the Altamaha and the St. John's to be regarded as a kind of no man's land. Despite the efforts of the English government to maintain peace by forbidding the Georgians to settle below the Altamaha, the colonists often ignored the boundary.

England was engaged in a war with France at the time, and desired Spain's neutrality. The task of remaining neutral became too great for Spain; she entered the war, in 1761, on the side of the French. The subsequent victory of the English sealed the doom of the Georgia missions; the neutral territory between the Altamaha and the San Juan rivers, including practically all of what is now known as South Georgia, was lost to Florida. The history of the Franciscan missions in Georgia was a closed book.

No longer are the Christians of Georgia Catholic, but that does not dim the lustre of the priestly ambassadors who first preached Christ Crucified along the placid Savannah, the historic Altamaha, and the storied Suwanee. No other American state is more generously sowed with that priceless seed of the Church, the blood of martyrs!

CHRISTIAN ART IN VIENNA

By JOSEPH MITTERAUER

CREATIVE religious art was present at the cradle of human culture. In it what was purest in reflection and most elemental in feeling sought expression. At its disposal were placed all the energies which the bare struggle for existence, so fruitful of invention, and the primitive need for ornament could leave free. Religious art was born in the moment when the self-consciousness of man urged him to give form and voice to his sense of the relationship between himself and Divine Infinity; nor can it be coffined while human nature remains what it has always been and is.

Manifold as life itself were the endeavors to give the shape of reality to the mysterious and unfathomable. Everywhere, however, these efforts drove human power beyond what had been so far its limits; always it was the achievements of religious art which indicated the high-water mark of a people's cultural aspiration. We find that this is true of all the great nations of antiquity, but it was Christianity which for the first time overcame, with unparalleled constructive force, every resistance of a materialistic or extraneous character. Before its spiritual attack formal rules which had seemed proof against time were set aside; and mere triumph over material substance became meaningless. Beginning with deeply meditative symbols, it then created visionary forms for truths that transcend sense, being far less interested in presentation than in a profession of faith in timeless Being and unfathomable truths. The spirit had become master of all flesh.

Of what pertinence are aesthetic problems and cultural programs to a concept of art such as this? There can be only one solution: "freedom in matters of form, but constant obedience to the law and to the holy earnestness and life of the law." This was accepted by the art of Christendom during a very long time; and all the naïveté and intoxication of the Romantic movement were needed to canonize Gothic as "the only true ecclesiastical style." Naturally

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enough, this dictum had a deadening effect. Christian art no longer obeyed the tempo of real life, it was no longer the higher expression of human actualities. It became imitative of another age and another spirit, so that only very seldom does it overawe the inward soul of modern man.

Profane art, already isolated, continued on its separate way. The creative mind, influenced by the rationalism of the time and by philosophic individualism, lost its contact with religion and was led to naturalism, impressionism, and expressionism. Often its art is barbaric, indeed, but ultimately this is merely the accurate reflection of a humanity quite as appallingly in disarray as itself, and so, perhaps, more valuable than mimicry of antiquated forms. A contemporary artist is always interested in voicing his own subjective feeling; and often this detachment from all that is objective is carried so far that the artist himself must explain his work. It conveys no message to the spectator, and is a mystery to everybody excepting its creator and the few who have been initated into his world. And the reason why these things are so? The idea of art was uprooted from the popular soul when art ceased to reflect a view of life adequate to an entire people.

Meanwhile it was futile to expect from official ecclesiastical art anything like an expression of life, some solution of the torturing questions of existence or the awful tragedy of the modern spirit. This art was unable to span a bridge to the peace and clarity of Christian faith. It was nowhere served by men who had in their own lives made a synthesis of the present and eternity, and grown inwardly ripe in creative power. Indeed, so stereotyped had the Christian idea of what was artistically beautiful become that it did little more than express a feigned piety in characterless, humdrum fashion, and assume a pose quite saccharine in its sweetness. Its products were thought pleasing—even though they did violence to the sacred dignity of the holy places and caricatured actual spiritual life—because they brought nothing overwhelming or tremendous, touched no depths of experience, but inculcated comfort by their nicely upholstered display of flabby sentiment.

Gradually a number of Catholic artists—men of profound feeling, earnest thought, conscientious effort—took up the opposition to the prevailing view of Christian art. They were tired of the threadbare carpets of recent centuries. They longed to work creatively in the mood of their own time. The religious spirit of today, they thought, should be interpreted in its own symbols. It was their desire to do what the artistic ages have always done, and what to some extent modern profane art has succeeded in doing. They said to themselves: "We, too, are permitted, or, rather, are forced by the very nature of our craft, to show our own faces. We need not wear the masks of the dead. We can speak our own language, interpretative of our own thought—not of wisdom borrowed elsewhere."

Out of this movement toward creative independence the Exposition for Christian Art, in Vienna, developed. The old city, proud of its place in the history of music and other arts, was considered an ideal habitat for leadership of the Catholic German people. Of course the plan was unusual and, if properly realized, could be of far-reaching influence. Those who fostered it understood that they could not immediately place upon the scene a new and self-sufficing art; but they knew that as a step toward synthesis, toward beauty fashioned according to the vision of modern Christian feeling, their endeavor could not go unnoticed. As was expected, the Exposition has aroused both enthusiastic support and violent antagonism. The lack of agreement is, however, the very thing that is needed if Christian art, permitted to lie dead for decades, is to be resurrected. It is wholly beside the point whether or not the work done there meets the approval of the individual spectator. What really matters is this: is the Exposition a gesture of professional egoism, or does it reflect sincere, enthusiastic artistic effort? Those who saw the Exposition could only answer that there was no trace of speculation nor of anything but a sacrificial desire to create beauty.

Indeed, after my conversation with Dr. Holzmeister, the famous organizer of the Exposition, I realized how many artists of impoverished Austria had given their all in behalf of a cause they believed sacred, and I knew how to account for the atmosphere of love and loyalty which seemed to hallow everything. It is a loyalty which only those can feel who work in common for an ideal. Out of it there grew the wonderful communality of achievements individually different—the harmony that no sensitive person who visited the Exposition could help noticing. Upon this the Austrian Society for Christian Art, which sponsored the Exposition, may well congratulate itself. Nor was the distinguished patronage received without its effect upon the success of the work. The Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, the President of the republic, and a large number of other dignitaries honored the Exposition with their presence.

Attention was drawn, first of all, to the achievement of Dr. Holzmeister. Although born in Brazil and still a Brazilian citizen, he grew to manhood among the mountains of Tyrol and completed his studies in Vienna. His fame as an artist is international. By winning recently the first prize in the architectural competition for the great church of Saint Martin, in Nuremberg, he attracted the attention of Germany. Social-democratic though the present government of Vienna is, Dr. Holzmeister remains its favorite architect. He informed me that his personal conception of future church-building is this: on the one hand to foster modern, economic construction, and on the other hand to develop contemporary

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ideas of structure in harmony with the liturgical precepts of the Church and in coöperation with the liturgical movement. He feels that architecture is the greatest influence upon artistic feeling, and that through it we may arouse interest in other forms of beauty. Although liturgy is the noblest of art creations, it has been put in the shadow for scores of years. In such things as massive altars and gruesome, commercialized devotional articles the dearth of spiritual life is manifest.

Associated with Dr. Holzmeister are many creative workers of the first rank. At the opening of the Exposition I met Anton Hanak, a German-Bohemian, now a professor in the Vienna Academy of Arts. After long years of strenuous labor, he has gained a reputation as one of the most gifted sculptors of his country. His compositions often deal with the struggles and cares of human life, about which his own experience has taught him much. A large number of impressive creations in stone and bronze represented him at the Exposition. Of particular interest was his Pieta—a design of remarkable simplicity and beauty, which is believed to be the masterpiece of his career.

The architect of the new Benedictine university in Salzburg, to which important contributions were made by American Catholics, was also represented. Dr. Peter Behrens is of German ancestry but resides in Vienna. As the architect for the German embassy in Petrograd, and other important structures, he earned a reputation which has been enhanced by his original contributions to the idea of church construction. At the Exposition one saw reproductions of a noble portal, a door, and an ornamental grille, as designed for the Salzburg university.

These four artists, with their pupils, are responsible for the success of the Exposition; and the chief honor must go to Dr. Holzmeister. It was he who converted the great public room into a sacred place. This is divided into two parts—an outer room and a chapel —and is in no way reminiscent of Roman basilicas, Gothic minsters, or Barock domes. Yet, in its simple architectonic harmony, it induces a mood of holy awe. Eight niches harbor as many side-altars with appropriate pictures. In the centre of the room, which is dominated by four massive square pillars, there appears, over and above the red tile floor, the awe-inspiring figure of Hanak's Pieta.

It is the hope of the artists and their friends that the entire Exposition may be brought to Chicago for the Eucharistic Congress. Whether this can be accomplished seems doubtful, however, in view of the financial poverty which now afflicts Austria and the difficulty of getting aid. Perhaps these few words may take the place of what would be so much more effective an introduction of the work to Americans. I do not wish to convey the impression that the Exposition is above criticism, or that all its details are artistically successful. But the total effect given, the evident strong will to work in behalf of Christian art, the effort which, in view of how lame the past has been—these things are great and deserving of notice. They do not indicate a complete break with the past, but rather a desire to live by it. For the movement toward Christian art in Austria is simply part of the more general effort to revive liturgical feeling, and to realize once again that art is not a specialty for wealthy connoisseurs but a vital need which a people must satisfy if it wishes to avoid spiritual death.

THE PILGRIM'S LIFTED EYEBROWS

By KATHARINE MAYNARD

TO BE a Catholic in New England is to be socially on the defensive—that is, if one cares to assume the defense. In Boston we are, I believe, a numerical majority, and since we have become so numerous, is it not a little ridiculous to assume that we are not "dreadfully like" any other large group in democratic America, with approximately the same percentage of cultivated and uncultivated; of superior, average, and sub-normal intelligence? Yet in public and in private we are continually reminded of our homogeneous inferiority, and are expected, a certain few of us, to feel flattered by an occasional implication that we are conspicuous exceptions rising above our coreligionists to the general level of the masses around us. Now, looking squarely at the cultural development of these masses, we cannot regard such a concession as the highest form of compliment, and I, for one, find myself waxing warm under the repeated insinuation until, to paraphrase Lowell, I check myself with the reflection—"What possible claim have my Protestant friends to rob me of my composure?"

In general, the ironic policy of forestalling complications by an open confession of faith seems the obviously Christian and becoming line of conduct, but I must confess to a slightly malicious satisfaction when circumstances force me to spring a trap that one of these complacent persons unwittingly sets for himself. Thus, when I was asked to recommend a secretary to a business acquaintance, and my mention of a very reliable girl, blessed—or handicapped—with a good old Irish name brought instantly the suspicious query —"Is she a Catholic?" what could I, in fairness, answer but—"No, she is not, but I am." On another occasion I'm afraid I rather enjoyed the discomposure of a professional associate, who, learning (with some surprise) that I was of Irish ancestry, asked with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

calm assurance how long it was since my family had been Catholic. When I told him we were still going strong, he tried to cover his astonishment by saying he would have recognized the type in Baltimore, but here in Boston he had never met any like me; to which I could only reply that he ought to become more familiar with us. Such trifling indiscretions might well be overlooked were it not for the groundless assumption of inherent superiority which they denote. When, however, a self-constituted model of les bienséances errs so palpably as not to consider the possible effect of such remarks, may one not be excused for letting him take the consequences?

When we were celebrating the Pilgrim tercentenary a few years ago, an erudite local historian alluded, in the course of his address, to the Catholic mission that flourished on the banks of the Kennebec near the trading post of the Plymouth colonists. He had found documentary evidence, he said, of most friendly relations, not only between the Jesuits and the Indians, but also between the missionaries and the white traders, one of whom, probably Miles Standish, was mentioned as having worshipped with the Indians at their little chapel. In a fine burst of magnanimity he concluded his story by declaring—"Although I am a Protestant to my toes, I like to think that this band of Catholic missionaries was unmolested by our colonial ancestors, and that they could live together in good will." It has amused me since then to picture myself on a platform addressing a similar audience in Boston, and remarking in tones of conscious virtue—"Although I am a Catholic to my heels, I like to think of the good work done here and there by that early apostle to the Indians, John Eliot, and I'm proud of my Catholic forebears for not burning him at the stake."

Upon inquiring of one of my neighbors recently whether she had a scrubwoman she could recommend, I received the unhesitating reply—"Yes, I'm sure you would like Martha; she is Protestant and white." The same apparently irrelevant factor runs through the advertising columns of our local papers. In a single recent issue of one journal I counted twenty-seven "help wanted" advertisements that listed "Protestant" among the qualifications desired, while twice as many seekers of situations so declared themselves in manifest confidence that they were thereby adding to their claims upon the consideration of employers. The items ranged through all the occupations from an "accommodating cook" (heaven bless her!) at one end of the alphabet, to a "young lady in real estate office" at the other, and included, not only American, Canadian, Scotch, Irish, Nova Scotian, and Scandinavian Protestants, but "educated Protestants," "refined Protestants," and "very capable Protestants." In fact, this declaration of faith was by many of the advertisers their only specific ground of appeal, all technical qualifications, as in the case of my neighbor's scrubwoman, being overlooked or omitted.

It is easy to see that religious affiliations may on several grounds be properly considered in domestic relations, and I have Catholic friends who prefer Protestant servants because their church-going does not conflict with that of the family. But why does it enter into the situation of "a young man who wishes an opening in the radio department of a large concern"; or of "a graduate of Dartmouth who seeks an opportunity with a firm of accountants"; and what can be the possible purpose in adding to an advertisement for a salesman in the wholesale bakery trade the requirement, "Protestant only"? Certainly, these food products, as well as the radio supplies and the services of the firm of accountants, would be freely exchanged for the money of Catholics, and it seems significant that no mention of religion occurs in the open advertising pages, but only in the safe anonymity of the classified columns.

For some reason or other, we do not rank as individuals, but are regarded by our Protestant fellow citizens as a group apart, and, being thus classified, are tagged alike with class labels of ignorance, cupidity, and ill breeding. Not pleasant attributes these, whether met with in Catholic or Protestant, in Scientist, Jew or agnostic; but would anyone dare assert that they are altogether absent from any large group or section of our citizenry? To mention distinguished individual Catholics to disprove the charge would be absurdly easy, and, moreover, beside the point. For it is precisely that group prejudice against which I would fain protest.

I live for several months in the year in an old New England village, where many of the inhabitants trace their descent directly from the first settlers. Here, if anywhere, one might look for the flowering of that "Protestant white America" about which we have heard so much of late. In point of fact, however, the general tone of manners and morals is depressingly low, particularly among the representatives of the old stock.

> "What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
> Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards."

Nevertheless, it was here that one of my elderly neighbors, in lamenting the rudeness of present-day behavior, remarked with pride: "My mother brought me up to be po-lite even to the Irish!"

Am I oversensitive and touchy on this point? I hope not; unless it be that I am concerned at the thought that the prepossession may be in any degree justified. "It is the bit of truth in every slander, the hint of likeness in every caricature, that makes us smart." I know so well that a good Catholic is bound to command respect that when I meet a strong prejudice against us, I can trace it to but one of two causes: Either the prejudiced person has had no opportunity for Catholic contacts, or, more's the pity, he has known some unworthy sons of the Church.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What, then, is the remedy? Shall we stand aloof, and avoid that mutual intercourse which is the only sure basis of right feeling? Assuredly, no; that were but to aggravate the first cause, which is certainly in greater part responsible for the deplorable situation. On the contrary, I believe we Catholics should do everything in our power to cultivate better relations socially, professionally, in business and in industry, with "our separated brethren," not, indeed, aggressively or contentiously, but without apology or abasement, merely taking our rightful share of activity in the place that belongs to us in the body politic. And I believe the second named cause of the bias against us will automatically disappear exactly in proportion as we individually exhibit to our fellow citizens the proper fruits of Catholic teaching in justice and fair dealing, in respect for authority, in kindness and courtesy and charity, and in that high veneration of womanhood—perhaps the most valuable contribution we can make to the civilization of the times—which made Dr. Johnson exclaim: "I wonder that women are not all Papists."

Our religious differences do not properly come within the scope of these reflections; we may rest content in the confidence that truth will prevail, and that doctrines which have stood the test of twenty centuries of positive challenge will not lightly yield to the negative attack of contemporary indifference and disbelief. Yet even here there are unbecoming airs of patronage on the part of those more doughty defenders of the old-time strongholds of Protestantism as they grant us somewhat tardy credit for having preserved through the ages the very Bible on which they make their protesting stand.

But let us confine ourselves to the subject of human relations. I would remind my Protestant brethren that if they are Americans, so are we; if we are descendants of immigrants, so are they; and if they have prospered in this land of opportunity, we seek merely a fair field and no favor in a similar endeavor. We have "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions" even as they, laughing when they tickle us, bleeding when we are pricked. And, furthermore, since there are now some twenty millions of us, and we are notoriously prolific, it is no longer safe to assume that they are not going to meet us, looking and acting very much like other people, in every stratum of society. To my coreligionists I would plead for the utter removal of those seeds of suspicion sown by so-called Catholics, whose actions belie their faith, and who injure their kind far more than our non-Catholic neighbors have either the wish or the power to do; these I would repudiate, be their station high or low. And I would have each one so order his conduct that the most prejudiced Protestant would concede to him at least the poet's epitaph:

> "His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
> Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right."

COMMUNICATIONS

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN AMERICA

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Many of us should feel greatly indebted to Reverend Edgar R. Smothers, S.J., for continuing (not "renewing," if I may suggest the substitution of a word) discussion of Catholic education in America.

There is here, to my way of thinking, an opportunity to stimulate thought on one of the most important subjects to which our thought can turn, among those of us who are not thinking about it at all; to clarify a good deal of hazy thinking about it; to harmonize certain differences of opinion which are not fundamental; to define issues that are basic; and finally, to swing an opinion enlightened by fair discussion behind those upon whom the physical burden of education falls.

It was with that intention that my letter was written, not as a professional educator (which I am not) nor as an irresponsible critic, but as one who thinks he sees something of the problems which have beset our teachers in the past, sympathizes deeply with the manner in which they have been met, but believes very firmly that we stand in these matters at the beginning of a new era: that these problems, in the main, have been met to the extent that compelling circumstances permitted, and that the question is of the future.

My letter had the further object of deploring the use of a great name to crush a legitimate and useful discussion in the pages of The Commonweal. Either this is a legitimate subject of discussion by laymen, or the adequacy of the education of our laymen heretofore is seriously challenged by the gentlemen to whom I refer.

I do, indeed, expect "heavier thunderclaps" than Father Smothers's welcome and most courteous communication—I have had some, already, in private replies to my open letters, in one of which I was taken to task at great length and with greater severity for daring to criticize "Ecclesia docens." I have not, heretofore, translated those Latin words with just the meaning given to them by my correspondent, but their use in that sense is illuminating, and I am duly grateful. It is perhaps a more general use than I had thought possible.

All the activities indicated by Father Smothers are admirable and not nearly well enough known by the "general"; so much gain, therefore, that they are now emphasized. To single out one only, I should like to testify, as one having experience in these matters, that the Georgetown Foreign Service School is, under the guidance of its brilliant young founder, the best of its kind in this country, and though it is not a Catholic school, it is most properly an activity for a Catholic college to undertake.

The question, however, goes deeper than this, I believe. I am thinking of Catholic schools and colleges not only as asylums for the protection of youth from contamination (which, of course, they should be) not only as centres of culture and scholarship, sufficiently diversified to meet the needs of all elements of the Catholic community; but primarily as a recognizable spiritual force and refining influence. I can see no valid reason for the continued existence of an ignorant and turbulent Catholic American.

Do we so stand out? Or, are we (in our numbers) beginning to be disliked and distrusted, and that—not, as I think, wholly or even principally on religious grounds? May we take that as a first step in discussion?

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRENCH CATHOLICISM: A NEW ERA

Hollywood, Calif.

TO the Editor:—It has been said that the only men without prejudice are those in insane asylums. But the word "prejudice" is held in disfavor. If we say "sympathy," we have—whether it follows judgment, or precedes it—a less objectionable expression and one that serves an equal purpose.

Your article by M. Jules Bois on French Catholicism: A New Era (issue of March 17) suggests such a reflection. A rather careful reading is sometimes necessary to determine behind which side a writer's sympathy is concealed. Not so with M. Bois. But his paper is so moderately, so appealingly phrased, that it assumes, even if he did not intend it, the virtue of impartiality. Is there any such thing?

Whether there be or not, it will not readily be accorded to M. Bois. Within a compass of 2,501 words, the distinguished French writer uses 528 words in part to denounce, and in part to reproach, French-Catholic elements and French Catholics; and restricts himself to fourteen words indignantly to refer to the Combes régime as one "of painful memory." Combes, in all the circumstances, might well retort: "Why pick on me?"

M. Bois finds "more of politics than of religion," in the malevolent governmental programs of lo, these many years, to de-Christianize a Christian country. "Undoubtedly," he tells us with a candor that emphasizes the judicial nature of his reflections, "there has been wrong on both sides." The conspicuous infamy of sending priests and religious, armed, to the trenches, he happily phrases under: "During and after the war, priests were employed in the service of France and enjoyed the confidence of the officials." Even the desperate "Huns" did not fall low enough to send their priests to the trenches; but legislation of this sort calls for a special aptitude for baseness.

The sporadic resistance of French Catholics to the efforts to drive God out of France, has unhappily resulted, according to M. Bois, in "quarrels," "difficulties," and "discussions." "These discussions," he tells us, "form part of our civilization. I trust they will never cease." Such "discussions," necessarily include the most recent infamy of the attempt to de-Christianize the Alsatian schools.

It is necessary to go back almost to Aesop to find "quarrels," "difficulties," and "discussions," of this character presented with equal finesse. But though it is long since I have read the fable, I do not seem to remember that the wolf's attorney needed anything like 528 words of denunciation to offset fourteen words of protest on behalf of the lamb.

A French missionary priest recently gave me nearly as good an explanation of the French situation as this apology by M. Bois for his long-suffering French government. "Frenchmen," said he, "are first, nationalists; afterward, Catholics."

This is only six words against 2,501. But the missionary priest's name, despite his Lyons congregation, happened to be Sullivan. This may account for his penetrating terseness.

FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

ON BEHALF OF MR. PAUL FULLER

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I have received from a friend the following letter:

"You are the last person, I am sure, who would wish, wittingly, to do an injustice to the memory of Mr. Fuller. I have read your letter to the editor of The Commonweal, published in its issue of March 31, entitled Mexico: The Law of the Land.

"I have also asked the opinion of several others who have read the letter and they agree with me that it could be and will be interpreted as meaning that Mr. Fuller, in his report to President Wilson, advised recognition of Villa or at least some kind of accord with him. Nothing could be further from the fact; and it is evident, in spite of what you say, that the contents of Mr. Fuller's report are not well known. He did not think that any of the revolutionary leaders should be recognized, and the result of his report was the calling of the A.B.C. Conference to agree upon some Mexican of the more conservative type who had the confidence of all parties. To this plan General Villa agreed, although Carranza refused. The breakdown of the Conference after Mr. Fuller's resignation as United States representative at the Conference resulted in the recognition of Carranza, with the consequent disasters with which you are familiar."

I fear that my letter to The Commonweal, of March 31, may have given an impression to others similar to that which it made upon my correspondent. My whole purpose in referring to what I had supposed to be Mr. Fuller's judgment as to the relative merits of the various revolutionary leaders in Mexico in 1913 was to point out that Villa was the least evil of the lot, as Mr. Fuller saw them. If my letter has given offense to any friend of Mr. Paul Fuller, I am doubly sorry, for he was a man whom I respected and admired without limit or qualification.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

RETICENCE OR REVERENCE?

Norwalk, Conn.

TO the Editor:—Lo! a disappointed reader. When Reverend Peter Moran, C.S.P., recently adverted to certain phases of clerical inoperativeness, I thought he had initiated a discussion which would be second in amiability only to the late (and lamented) outpouring on what is and what is not right about Catholic education.

Here, I thought, is an opportunity for all the laymen to air their just and unjust grievances against mediocre music, ugly interior decoration, and clerical logorrhea. That these diseases exist is manifest; that laymen frequently discuss them among themselves is true.

What, then, I ask, can be the reason for the woeful lack of correspondence? I ascribe it solely to a fine sense of delicacy on the part of the laity, an overdeveloped sense perhaps, yet, nevertheless, a tribute to the high regard in which the clergy is held by the laity.

So it happens that the one answer to Father Moran is by a member of the right wing of the clerical section, while the laymen remain reticent, or reverent.

What Reverend Edward Hawks offers is simply that a member of the laity who desires music less irritating to the ear or glass less tawdry is either an ex-ritualist or a jaded neurasthenic. Any neuro-psychiatrist will inform Father Hawks that an appreciation of beauty is not a part of the symptomatology of neurasthenia. Obviously, it is not concerned with ritual.

Better music, more pleasing architecture, more intelligent sermons: surely this is a program on which both the clergy and laity can unite, without either the former becoming hypersensitive or the latter appearing hypercritical.

D. T. POWELL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PLAY

By HENRY LONGAN STUART

Bride of the Lamb

AS the theatrical season wanes and nothing of first value has appeared, New York critics have a way all their own of saluting something of second or third order with a volley of hoarded adjectives which they had hoped to put to better use. The overwhelming chorus of praise which saluted Bride of the Lamb last week is a case in point. Those who follow the estimates of some of the powerful and confident fellows who make good and bad weather for the box offices, might well believe that the incredible had eventuated and that the "great American play" which is to interpret the spirit of our country in drama for the world at large, had arrived.

The new play at Greenwich Village Theatre is not all that, though it comes in the middle of a rumbling and inconsequent season like a sharp crack of thunder overhead. Mr. William Hurlbut demolishes some shams, but points to nothing true or authentic whose place they have usurped. With his hand upon a very big theme indeed, he seems either to have tired or grown fearful of its implications, and to have steadied his vertigo by the use of the symbols familiarized by Brothers Freud, Jung, and Moll. Construction is spotty, and devices as flagrant as those which cranked up the machinery in Mrs. Tanqueray are used. When the Reverend Albaugh, in the penultimate act, suggests a brief walk to cool his fevered wits, reality quivered like a landscape on an old-fashioned back set.

The theme of Bride of the Lamb is as old at least as the circuit rider. One rather wonders what degree of mental age the major critics are registering who beslaver the Greenwich Village Theatre production with such phrases as "devastating," "startling," and "disquieting." Anyone who has lived in America twenty years has heard, from older inhabitants, of incidents at revivals and camp-meetings beside which it is a mere airy trifle, and which are calculated to erect the hair upon the scalp under the very thickest coat of stacomb. So long as human nature remains human nature, and so long as original sin—or the subconscious, if you prefer it—dogs inflamed emotions, so long will spiritual peril remain the condition of being alive at all. The wise old Church has always recognized the danger. She has provided a host of cautions and defenses which have earned for her prudence the name of prurience—"monkish prurience!"

When the spiritual circus hits the Bowman family it is already a laid fire of repressions and discontents, that crackles for the torch. The father is a steady and persistent drinker whose nerves and stomach are giving way under his vice (a "soft-bellied sot" he will be called when religious enthusiasm has cleared the last cobweb of wifely illusion from his partner's eyes). The mother is a small-town belle, married early, prettier and dressier than her neighbors, who dreams of limousines, duvetyne dresses, and a grave and tender lover. "Love and happiness are the reward of beauty" the face-cream specialists tell us. Ina Bowman has never drawn her dividends at all.

The coming of the Reverend Albaugh precipitates disaster. Albaugh is a salvation-merchant, strong, handsome, and forceful, who has graduated into the soul-saving business from the vaudeville stage, without any formality of "laying on of hands." His muscles bulge under sacerdotal broadcloth, his voice is the rich baritone that plays on feminine nerves as the wind plays with the trees. A whim of the drunken husband makes him a lodger in the Bowman home, and from the moment the round-eyed wife clasps his travel-soiled boots to her bosom, the issue is not in doubt.

Albaugh is an interesting study in psychology. Mr. Hurlbut has resisted the facile temptation to make him a blackguard and sensualist that lay so near his hand. Instead, the man is sincere. His conversion, sudden and scamped as the work has been, is a real one. But it is one which, derived from emotion, is at the mercy of emotion to destroy. His senses once aroused, and his perfunctory resistance overcome by the crude passion of his hostess, he, too, paws and purrs. A sort of cozy-corner canticle pours from his lips. The curtain falls upon a surrender whose nature the audience (artistically as it seems to me) is left to interpret according to its lights and inclinations.

From now on the love-crazed woman knows but one purpose, to remove the ailing and whining husband who lies like a log across the path of her escape. A little daughter, wonderfully played by Arline Blackburn, whose rasping voice and infantile demands for attention have plucked at the nerves of the playgoer through two acts, becomes the immediate instrument of disaster. A bottle of white shoe-cleaning fluid for which she begs contains a deadly poison. The dozing obstacle to heavenly marriage passes from the stupor of drunkenness into death. He passes at the same moment that a florid and overdressed beauty specialist from the Pacific Coast is claiming the Reverend Albaugh Herrick as her spouse according to the flesh and the registrar. The brief remainder is an aftermath of merciful madness, crowned like poor Ophelia's, with flowers and bridal veil.

Speaking generally, few better casts have been assembled than the actors and actresses who interpret Mr. William Hurlbut's merciless play. As the hapless bride, Miss Alice Brady both rises and sinks to the levels of her unusual opportunity. A certain constraint which seems to rest, almost like awkwardness, over her acting in the first scene, the perfunctory and mechanical fashion in which her pursed lips utter the domestic bromides, falls into its proper place as the result of careful and intelligent study after the orgiastic exercises in the gospel tent have done their work, and when the furnace of hate that has smouldered in her heart for years bursts into flame. Later, one feels the reins are let lie too loosely on the neck of passion for art not to suffer. Once again, as in Bernstein's Thief, we are forced to note, in one of our best American actresses, a lack of the sane measure that intelligence imposes and which the "grandes amoureuses" of the European stage never, in their most abandoned moments, forget. Under the circumstances the comparison with Duse is overweening. Perhaps the task set Miss Brady was an impossible one. To be a mere host of jumbled impulses and associations, through which one mad passion is tearing like fire before wind, seeking, with disjointed phrases picked up during the crazy week of revival, to express a craving for which language has no real equivalent, is a test rather for physical endurance than for art. There are moments in Bride of the Lamb when one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feels that the long rope which our playwrights who make sex their unvarying theme have been given is pretty nearly reeled in.

It is always a pleasure to identify intelligent direction in one of a play's minor moments. The Reverend Johnson, accredited pastor of the luckless flock, played by Gerald Cornell, appeared once only on the stage by the side of his dynamic, irregular brother. Yet somehow, in the gingerly fashion of his introductions—in a certain aloofness while the Saving Name was being passed from mouth to mouth with the unctuous relish of "Oom-muni-padni-oom," I fancied I sensed a consciousness that he felt very much as the skipper of a tug-boat might feel when told off to tow a hulk loaded with T.N.T. through a narrows planted with submarine mines.

About the Kongo

TO the imagination of a world whose hair is silvering, the white man in darkest Africa was a familiar and revered figure. We liked to think of him gaunt and fever-stricken, in his hammock, or plodding resolutely on ague-shaken legs through swamp and forest, his black bearers and helpers stringing out behind him. As evening fell we imagined him asprawl in a folding chair beneath the flap of his tent, while a squatting semi-circle of rolling eyes, ebon torsos, slit ears, and spiky heads, stared wonderingly upon the steel barrels that could hurl the white man's thunder, the brass-bound medicine chest which contained the white man's magic, even the little black book, unbelievable as it seems today, in which dwelt the fetish that kept the white man chaste, and patient, and helpful.

This is all behind us, and Kongo will do as well as anything else to register the distance we have come from Grant and Speke, Bruce and Livingston. If any vice is forgotten in the group of white men whom Kilbourn Gordon and Chester de Verde have collected for our edification, I would like to be told of it. The trader is a paralyzed tyrant who rules with the whip and the revolver; the doctor a hashish addict, flying from a charge of abortion; the "white girl" a prostitute; with "a hundred lovers in the rubber belt" and smitten with a vile disease; the "great White Father" a Sadist who tortures his peons. The jungle throbs with tom-toms; phosphorescent mumbo-jumbos stalk the stage, impressing whites no less than blacks. A brown charmer slithers across the boards ubiquitously mingling naïve blasphemy with demands for a "kiss-kiss" which become the pretext for some edifying comment on morals generally.

In the midst of these borrowed and trashy elements, Mr. Walter Huston is impressive as Flint, the paralyzed trader who sits at the centre of his web waiting until the instruments and victims of his revenge are attracted to it by some centrifugal force of which the screen and near-screen dramatists keep the secret. He gets great help from a face that has all the appearance of being a Benda mask, built upon a careful study of the lineaments of D. H. Lawrence, and from an immobility which is within his rôle. Most actors find the control of their hands a problem. Lucky Mr. Huston has no use for his except to wheel his chair or wield his horsewhip with them. We must not forget Fuzzy, a herculean and heroic native guide who shines, through his exertions and by contrast, and who is fond of thumping his cavernous chest and saying: "Me good man!" One of the French abolitionists just before the Revolution wrote a little book entitled Un Bon Noir Comme Il y'en a Peu Blancs. I am quite certain that he would have liked Fuzzy.

BOOKS

Imperialistic Religion and the Religion of Democracy, by William Adams Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.25.

DR. BROWN, viewing the extreme variety that characterizes the religions of the world as a social phenomenon which requires explanation, proposes to explain it, at least in part, by a threefold division of mankind according to mental temperament. He distinguishes three main types of men which he calls, respectively, the imperialistic, the individualistic, and the democratic. Here is his own summary of his thesis:

"We began, it will be remembered, by calling attention to the problems of variation in religion. If religion be the all-important thing religious people agree that it is, why should they differ so widely as to its nature? This fact of difference meets us wherever we turn. Not only do the great religions differ from one another, but they differ within themselves. They differ in organization. They differ in belief. They differ in sentiment. And in many cases these differences are so deep-seated and persistent as to prevent all personal intercourse. How comes it that the adherents of the same religion are unwilling to meet at the same table or to worship in the same church? We recalled some of the more important historic explanations. We tested the theory which contrasts a particular type of religion as true with all others as false. We considered the explanation which finds the key to the differences of the historic religions in their contribution to the development of religion as a whole. We found that neither of these explanations alone can account for all the facts.

"In all the historic religions and through all the different stages in the development of each religion we discovered the presence of certain persistent parallel types which we called imperialism, individualism, and democracy. By imperialism we agreed to understand a type of religion whose representatives believe that they serve God most acceptably when they submit to the control of some existing institution, the supremacy of which in the world they identify with the triumph of God's will. By individualism we agreed to understand a type of religion whose representatives despair of satisfaction through any existing institution, and find solace in immediate communion between the individual soul and God. By democracy we understood a type of religion whose representatives are convinced that they serve God best when they discover His presence in other persons, and unite with them in the progressive realization of the ideal social order which it is God's purpose to establish on earth through the free co-operation of men.

"We saw that these contrasted types cannot be completely identified with any existing form of historic religion. Institutions are compromises between different points of view. Every church includes people who belong to each of our three types. We may go further and say that no individual is perfectly consistent in his religious life. . . . There is something of the imperialist in each one of us, something of the individualist, something of the democrat. It is only in hours of crisis, when the choice must be made, that we learn to which competing rival our major allegiance is given."

Dr. Brown's three "types" are sympathetically sketched by him. It is plain that he has done his best to understand each of the three "forms" of religion. All three roads, moreover, traveled with sincerity, lead, he believes, to the "Father's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

House." But first there is a fundamental question to be faced —why is a man "religious" at all? "How do we know," he asks, "that in religion we have a real communion with God? . . . How do we know that there is a God to speak? How do we recognize Him when he has spoken?" In the answer that he gives to this, he himself seeks to identify his position with that of the ontologist, but his "ontologism" is strongly flavored with his "argument" from experience. "We believe in God," he says, "because there are experiences in life at once so arresting and so significant that apart from God it is psychologically impossible for us to account for them."

This is the summing up of the proofs as he sees them, and the proofs "spring not from reason, but deeper inconsequent depths." Now the "ontologism" to which Dr. Brown confesses is clearly not that of Saint Anselm. Whether, by the "deeper inconsequent depths," he means what Pascal meant when he spoke of the reasons of the heart, is, at all events, possible. The note of subjectivity, however, becomes still more clear when it is a question of recognizing the voice of God speaking to man. Dr. Brown relies on what he calls "intuition," and says:

"If I am to recognize God when He speaks it can only be because there is some capacity in me which fits me to do so. All truly religious people are convinced that they possess such a capacity. . . . The name we give to this inner response to the divine communication is intuition. It is the one final and convincing proof of revelation. . . . The imperialist believes that the visible church is the channel of God's revelation because there is something in him which this belief satisfies. The individualist knows that God has saved his soul because he has an inner peace which cannot be explained in any other way. The democrat, too, finds in intuition the basis of his assurance. He is confident that God is speaking to others as well as to himself because he has heard what they have to tell him about God and his own spirit answers to what they say."

But how account for seeming variety in these individual "revelations"? How shall one be sure of one's own revelations? Dr. Brown answers this by an appeal to "experiment." "We follow the working of each of the possible alternatives," he says, "to ascertain which most completely accounts for the facts." The democrat is for coöperative experiment. The three types of religion are to be tested by results, and that which is the most "socially desirable" will justify itself. That religion is most "socially desirable" which will "enlarge and enrich the life of those who embrace it without limiting the possibility of a similar enlargement and enrichment of life in other persons." From which it is evident that Dr. Brown is pragmatist rather than ontologist, and it is William James rather than Saint Anselm or Pascal with whom we are dealing. Dr. Brown is for Christianity because of all existing religions, "Christianity has most to give the democrat. Mohammed commits us to imperialistic religion. The emphasis of Buddha is predominantly on the individual. Only the religion of Jesus has room enough for democracy. It has something for the individual—for each the inspiration and assurance he most needs. It has something for all of us together—a fellowship of the spirit more inclusive than any other known to man. It has faith and comradeship. It has the forward look. Christianity is not yet the religion of democracy. But of all existing religions it has the best fighting chance to become so."

It is not easy for a Catholic reader to sum up in a few sentences the thoughts suggested by Dr. Brown in this essay, without seeming to be a trifle discourteous. When in olden days of disputation one was compelled to begin one's argument with a "nego majorem" it was impossible to cloak in honeyed words the inevitable implication. The fact is that Dr. Brown must, to the Catholic reader, appear to have completely overlooked the main line of cleavage between religious forms, a cleavage which cuts deeper than does or can any other differentiating principle, and a cleavage beside which all others are of little or no importance. That cleavage hangs upon a question than which no more fundamental question can be put to a human being—a question of fact, and that fact the most important fact in human history and human life—"What think ye of Christ? Whose son is He?" Dr. Brown in his book talks of "Christianity" and of "Christ"; of what and of Whom is he talking? Is he talking of a man like Mohammed or Buddha, or is he talking of God? Between the man who believes that Christ was God—Deus verus de Deo Vero —and the man who believes that He was not, the religious difference is greater than that between the latter man and the African fetish worshipper. In Dr. Brown's index there is but one reference to Our Lord's Divinity and it directs us to a passage wherein the doctrine is virtually dismissed as a dogma which has divided men to no good result! To the Catholic this is a simply impossible state of mind in which to approach the case. It should be doubly impossible so to ignore the question for it is presented to the religious world in the utmost sharpness of outline by the largest single body of those whom Dr. Brown would call "Christians," and it stands today, as it has stood for nearly two thousand years, a challenge nailed by the Catholic Church to the very doors of the world for all who run to read. What else is the meaning of the Pope's recent encyclical on the Kingdom of Christ and of the Eucharistic Congress to be held in Chicago this year? Dr. Brown himself, referring to the absence of the Catholic Church at the conference of the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches, held at Copenhagen in 1922, accounts for it on the ground of "a deep-seated difference of religious conviction." This difference he recognized as "fundamental" and as raising "a very searching question." Here he was on the right track. Had he followed it, he would have come to the fact so simply and completely stated by Mr. Birrell—"It is the Mass that matters."

In two respects the modern age differs radically from the middle-ages. The latter usually asked the right question, (even if the answer or answers given failed entirely to satisfy) also it was strict in the matter of terminology. It is not easy to imagine a thirteenth-century writer employing the term "Christianity" as it is commonly employed today. Dr. Brown deserves the fullest credit for the broad sympathy, the kindliness of intention, and the utter sincerity with which he has attacked his problem, but he has failed to ask the right question.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

The Life of Benito Mussolini, by Margherita G. Sarfatti; translated by Frederic Whyte. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $5.00.

THIS biography appears at first sight to throw no light on the peculiar qualities and actions of Mussolini. It seems to be an inside glimpse of what is commonplace in the man rather than a record of the complications of his public life or an appraisal of his political career. There is no attempt on the part of Signora Sarfatti to turn the biography of the hero into a history of contemporary Italy, even though at certain

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moments it would seem to be inevitable to explain Mussolini's swerves as keen anticipations of impending political crises, and to parallel or contrast his growth with the evolution of political consciousness in Italy in the last twenty years.

Upon closer scrutiny, however, out of this biographical material arranged pictorially rather than logically or chronologically, we are able to extract documents which put Mussolini in his historical place and give us a fair measure of his stature. We see in him, then, nothing less, but also nothing more than the powerful embodiment of a new force generated in Italy at the beginning of the century by her long expected reaction to political absenteeism and public indifference—the leader of that new generation which led Italy into the war and out of the social revolution.

Very significant is the description of the early life of this socialist youth of Romagna. With that earnestness that had ever been a quality of the Romagnoli, and with that tense eagerness and abnegation that socialism stood for in the 'nineties, Mussolini first comes before us as the man who, above all, loves to fight for what he considers to be his principles. How different from the traditional, wise adolescent of Italy, mild and sceptical, cultivated and indifferent. There is faith in this man; that faith which imposes sacrifices as a condition for victory. Through lack of faith in an idea—or in a myth—the Italian socialists had made such a poor showing in 1919; for a similar lack, the Laodicean popolari, in spite of their power, opportunities, and promises, accomplished next to nothing in behalf of the Catholic Church whose cause they had espoused. But the young Fascists of 1919-1922 asserted their faith in front of death and won because of their earnest devotion to a cause which they assumed to be more valuable than their lives.

Important results were to follow from Mussolini's exile. This hot-headed young socialist goes to Switzerland and for his intemperate anti-nationalism is kicked about from one city to another. Many are the things he learns in the course of his pilgrimage—among them, for instance, the craft of mason, the German language, some economic science, but above all, and, without knowing it, he makes the important discovery of the nation. A new love, far keener even if less rationalistic than his old humanitarianism, the realization of that invincible pressure which the natives of any country exert against the outsider, the sad and admirable struggle of the Italian emigrants pressed together by the scorn of others and by their own devotion, these spectacles sunk deep into his soul emotions and convictions which some day were to reveal to him the vitality of the nation as the highest actualization of the individual itself.

Mussolini returns to Italy as a potential nationalist. His attitude on the question of Irredentism makes this clear from the start. But when he advocates Italy's participation in the world war against the German and Austrian empires, he still believes he is serving the cause of the international proletariat whose progress was being blocked by the political iniquities of the Austrian rule.

From the trenches where people daily tested the value of the national idea by the unfailing experiment of death, he emerges advocating a kind of proletarian patriotism; the excesses of the socialists in 1919 completed the process of evolution to the point of nationalism pure and simple, which demands of all classes voluntary subjection to the state.

The feebleness of the Italian political organization, which he so freely took advantage of in his early days, which had once led him to believe in the imminence of a new international era, now, after the almost fatal crisis of the war, forces him to an analysis of the situation which we see gradually maturing into his anti-liberalism. He becomes convinced that there is not yet social unity in the world; that genuine individualism proceeds from the higher spiritual reality of the nation ethically organized in the state; that liberty has no sense except as a correlative to discipline in the eternal alternation of innovating criticism and consequent stabilization, of temporary conformity and far-seeing agitation. He discovers, as many others did, that Italian liberalism which had been originally accepted because suitable to the development of the nation, had allowed itself to be exploited for the attack of the nation by the socialist parties; that doctrines suitable to limit the power of the state toward the lone individual were not fitted to protect the state from the menace of the almighty syndicate. And he felt the ironical anomaly of Italian liberalism which, having performed its task against the external discipline of foreign rulers, against the discipline of an imposed religious tradition, against the discipline of the absolute monarchy, did not seem to find an innovating function for itself, discovered nowhere established power to check or modify, and was therefore forced into the absurd position of erecting itself into a conservative body.

These views pointed to a conclusion which the war and the subsequent crisis confirmed; namely that, liberalism having for its problem the limit between individual freedom and the demands of other and higher realities, there arise periods in which discipline must prevail over liberty, and silent obedience is more valuable than the keenest criticism.

The translation is by no means a perfect one—at times too literal, at others completely at variance with the original. The translator seems to be baffled by the intricacies of the subject matter and the peculiarities of Italian idiom. Duke del Mare (for instance) is not a nobleman's name. It means lord of the sea and the person referred to is Admiral Thaon de Revel; santone is not "a big saint," but corresponds exactly to the English santon; advocate does not translate avvocato; Acquisgrana is nothing more than Aix-la-Chapelle; and Messer Niccolo (sic) is no other personage than Machiavelli. The translator's explanation of the word Fasci on page 239 is very amusing becausing it is the very one that Signora Sarfatti makes fun of on page 265. Fully three-fourths of the Italian quotations are incorrect.

DINO BIGONGIARI.

My Life and Memories, by Joseph I. C. Clarke. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.50.

THIS is the life story of an Irishman who, revolted at the wrongs done to his country and conspiring against the English, barely escaped with his life into exile; yet who writes of the English without venom and in his last public address presented the Anglo-Irish deadlock with the impartiality of a scientific historian.

Born in 1846, at Dunleavy, Joseph I. C. Clarke was early in life involved in the Irish revolutionary movements and eventually allied himself with the Fenian Brotherhood. Becoming implicated in some of the numerous plots of the day, he escaped from London to Paris and thence reached New York in 1868. From journalistic experience on the Irish Republic, young Clarke soon passed over to the Evening Telegram, published in combination with James Gordon Bennett's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Herald, to which for many years to come he was to be attached in various important capacities.

The theatre in which he came to take an active interest with several successful productions, occupied a large part of his life. Clarke knew and coöperated in the press with all the great actors of a brilliant New York stage era—he knew Modjeska, Edwin Booth, John McCullough, Adelaide Neilson, Joseph Jefferson, Stuart Robson, William H. Crane, Harrigan and Hart, Tommaso Salvini, and Sarah Bernhardt.

Among the many striking chapters in My Life and Memories there is the highly interesting interview that Mr. Clarke had with Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of the Christian Science church. It was a very special favor from Mrs. Eddy in her later years and, overcoming great obstacles, Mr. Clarke was admitted to Pleasant View, her home near Concord, New Hampshire, in the spring of 1901, as representative of the New York Herald.

It was an agreeable meeting: "Her white hair was parted in wavy puffs. The strong nose and rounded temples, the mobile mouth, the bright eyes were all as they had been in her younger days. Signs of time were in the fine lining of the face, a general thinning of the flesh, a sense of frailty rather than weakness. As her thin lips parted in a pleasant smile, they disclosed two sets of very white, even teeth. On her cheeks was a faint flush of color. He hands were soft and white and neither large nor small. She had walked erect and now sat at ease. It was clear that Mrs. Eddy had graced the occasion with a toilet of special brilliance. Matching the whiteness of her hair, a collarette of fine point lace that covered shoulders and bosom was caught at the throat by a breastpin in the likeness of a golden crown and a little below the latter by a cross of large diamonds set in gold. Her gown, with high embroidered neck and long cuffed sleeves in the prevailing fashion, was of purple satin—royal purple."

"I have been called a pope," she said in the course of the interview, "but surely I have sought no such distinction. I have simply taught as I learned while healing the sick. It was in 1867 that the light of science came first to me. In 1875 I wrote my book. I was the mother, but, of course, the term pope is used figuratively. A position of authority became necessary. Rules were required and I made a code of by-laws, but each one was the fruit of experience and the result of prayer. Entrusting their enforcement to others, I found at one time that they had six churches under discipline. I intervened. Dissentions are dangerous in an infant church. I wrote to each church in tenderness, in exhortation, and in rebuke, and so brought all back to union and love again. If that is to be pope, then you can judge for yourself."

Mr. Clarke then asked: "But if, as you say, Christian Science wholly rejects the germ theory of the propagation of certain diseases, what is your theory of them?"

"They are fears," she answered, "sin, mortal illusions shared by the people in general. Cast out fear. Call in the Divine Love and the diseases will be no longer infectious, for they will not exist."

"But surgery?"

"The work done by the surgeon is the last healing that will be vouchsafed to us, or rather attained by us, as we near a state of spiritual perfection. At present I am conservative about advice on surgical cases."

Mr. Clarke's comment on his interview sums up the matter thus: "A Puritan mind, fed on Young's grim Night Thoughts and Felicia Hemans's sentimental verse, Bronson Alcott's Transcendental Philosophy, with Emerson, Pope, the two Brownings and Ruskin thrown in, might, perhaps, be expected to form a new religion. Such influences made an eerie romanticist of Nathaniel Hawthorne—they took another turn with her. But Mrs. Eddy evidently had a harder business head than any of the writers or philosophers she had cited. Her religion, whatever she mentally based it on, is really based on healing by mind force and that calls for continual concentration. Her success naturally gave wings to whatever was mystical in the bent of her mind—the all but worship of thousands kept judiciously, even necessarily, at arm's length, gave her a feeling of security in her future fame. In her book one feels that she is pointing tentatively toward herself when she refers to the passage in Revelation: 'And there appeared a great wonder in heaven—a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.'—And all this in New Hampshire. She had the gentle touch and the firm hold. Someone following her with a stronger clutch and a bolder way may smash to flinders the whole fabric she has reared."

THOMAS WALSH.

PILGRIMAGE TO ROME
and Vacation Tour of Europe
Leaving New York JULY 10
Visiting Ireland, England, France, Italy, Switzerland
An Audience with the Holy Father.
BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO THE HOLY SEE
This is the now famous vacation tour—high class service and distinctly different
Early booking insures choice of steamer accommodation
Write for details: BLANCHE TRACY, Secretary
BECCARI CATHOLIC TOURS, Inc.
1007 Times Bldg. New York, N. Y.

GENUINE IRISH HAMS AND BACON
Direct from Limerick
German Westphalian Hams
IMPORTED WESTPHALIAN HAMS
M. H. GREENEBAUM, Inc., *Importers*
49-51 West Broadway, New York *Tel. Barclay 1175-2133*

CLASON MILITARY ACADEMY
Member of the Association of Military Schools and Colleges of the United States.
A CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Approved by the Regents of New York State
Conducted by the Christian Brothers
Address: Sound View Ave., Bronx, N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE COMMONWEAL, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1926. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John F. McCormick, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE COMMONWEAL and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Calvert Publishing Corp., Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Editor, Michael Williams, Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Managing Editor, None. Business Manager, John F. McCormick, Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If the publication is owned by an individual his name and address, or if owned by more than one individual the name and address of each, should be given below; if the publication is owned by a corporation the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of the stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock should be given.)

The Calvert Associates, Inc., Grand Central Terminal, New York City. Michael Williams, President; John F. McCormick, Secretary; R. Dana Skinner, Treasurer.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is .....
(This information is required from daily publications only.)

JOHN F. McCORMICK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of March, 1926.
(Seal) A. E. RENTON.
(My commission expires March 31, 1927.)

Memorial Stained Glass Windows
FRANZ MAYER OF MUNICH, Inc.
JOSEPH P. KELLY, *President*
1220-1222 Woolworth Building, New York
Telephone Whitehall 3631

MOUNT DE SALES ACADEMY
At CATONSVILLE, five miles from Baltimore
Under the supervision of the Sisters of the Visitation
Courses in Music, Languages and College Preparatory
Write Directress for Catalogue
Affiliated with the Catholic University of America
RESIDENT AND DAY PUPILS

One Macmillan Book a Week

THE HOUSE OF GOD
BY ERNEST H. SHORT
110 *fine illustrations*

A monumental work. More than a history of religious architecture; it is a study of religion as expressed in ritual, carried out in houses made with hands.

Every bishop and every priest expecting to build or rebuild a church edifice should have a copy for careful perusal and for constant reference. **$7.50**

At your book store or from
60 Fifth Avenue THE MACMILLAN COMPANY New York, N. Y.
Atlanta Boston Chicago Dallas San Francisco

BRIEFER MENTION

The Founder of the Paulists: Father Hecker; compiled by G. D. Meadows. New York: The Paulist Press. $0.10.

THE importance of pamphlet literature must not be overlooked, especially when there is question of a brochure so likely to do great service as this little introduction to the life of Reverend Isaac Hecker. It summarizes briefly the outstanding achievements and periods of this great priest's career. Above all, it stimulates the reader to familiarize himself with the larger biographies, particularly that by Reverend Walter Elliott. This book ought to be revived during the present era of biographies, not merely because its religious interest is perennial but also for the reason that Father Hecker's life provides an indispensable index to much of what is abidingly valuable in American spiritual history. The movements with which he was associated before coming into the Church still live on, whatever new aspects they may have acquired. The Church has risen to greater stature than she could claim in Father Hecker's time, though not beyond the dimensions of which he dreamed and for the realization of which he toiled and prayed. Between these two forces in our common life—traditional Puritanism and the Church—the battle continues, finding none of us wholly indifferent. What sustenance and delight there is for all of us in the story of a pioneer like Father Hecker is not half so fully realized as it should be.

Liber Miraculorum Ninivensium Sancti Cornelii Papae, edited by William Walker Rockwell. New York: G. E. Stechert and Company.

WE are indebted to Professor Rockwell for many illuminating discussions of matters pertaining to church history, but the present excellent publication is worthy of particular attention. It reprints a portion of the mediaeval chronicle of the Belgian abbey at Ninove, which was almost the centre of ecclesiastical life in Flanders during the mediaeval period. Dr. Rockwell explains the singular circumstances under which this portion came into his possession. During the course of preparations for the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the American Historical Association, he chanced upon the manuscript in the files of the Union Theological Seminary library, to which it had come as a result of the purchase of books from the German ex-Benedictine, Leander van Ess. It narrates, for the most part, a sequence of miracles performed through the intercession of Saint Cornelius; and its evidence is treated understandingly and sympathetically by Dr. Rockwell. His introduction is a model of good taste and discerning scholarship.

Pinocchio Under the Sea, from the Italian of Mongiardini-Rembadi, by Carolyn Della Chiesa. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

THE name of Pinocchio is as revered in the nurseries of Europe as that of Mother Goose and her dramatis personae among the children of England and America. It is a distinction well deserved, as any mother or nurse of the growing laddies and lassies will tell you after a single trial on their youthful audiences. The Macmillan Company has provided an attractive form to this version of Il Segreto di Pinocchio, which is graced by the humorous drawings of Florence Abel Wilde. Children in the period of from four to seven years are the particular audience to which this book will appeal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"Tittivillus," said Dr. Angelicus, "haven't we some light reading matter in the office? I feel depressed and would like to be amused."

"The English newspapers came in today, Doctor," suggested Tittivillus, "and you always laugh a lot over them."

"I say," said Britannicus, looking up from his reading, "now do you see what you've done with your inappropriate mirth over a dignified paper like The Spectator? You've given the boy here the idea that all English papers should be looked at only to be laughed at."

"Oh, no," said Tittivillus, "for amusing reading I much prefer the American comic sections, for they have pictures."

"Well," said Britannicus, somewhat annoyed, "you needn't look only in the comic sections of the American papers for something funny. Here," he went on triumphantly, pulling a sheaf of clippings from his pocket, "are some gems, culled from recent New York newspapers, that would make The Spectator blush for shame if perpetrated by any of its scribes. And in the face of such journalism, you, Angelicus, have the effrontery to sit and laugh at the English press!"

"My dear Britannicus," said Dr. Angelicus, "I always want to be fair. I am just as willing to laugh at American journalism as at the English brand. Read me what you have there."

"Very well," said Britannicus, "what do you think of this for a prize headline which appeared in a recent Sunday edition of one of your most highly respected newspapers? It reads: 'Pekin Is Bombed by Enemy Planes. Bought for Commercial Use, They Do Little Harm. Bride Killed in Street.'"

"What's the matter with that headline?" asked Angelicus.

"Well, it may appear all right to you, but I'd like to hear what the assassinated bride's family would have to say of it!" exclaimed Britannicus.

"Very likely it was written by a conscientious anti-feminist journalist, who really feels that 'little harm' lies in killing a bride," explained Angelicus. "I can understand that viewpoint perfectly."

"I believe you would feel at home in China," said Britannicus. "The sight of the regular, governmental infanticide held whenever the girl-baby birthrate exceeds its quota, would probably cheer you greatly."

"Oh, I would not go as far as all that," replied Angelicus. "But if that headline is all you have to offer, I still think that English journalism is funnier than American."

"Not at all," said Britannicus. "Listen to this from another American newspaper, cataloguing some articles at a recent auction here of a private collection: 'Lot 491: Rare and important old Irish hand-*stuffed* carpet. Lot 492: Rare and important old Irish hand-*tufted* carpet. Lot 493: Rare and important old Irish hand-*tufed* carpet. Lot 494: Rare and important old Irish hand-*tusked* carpet.' Why, if an English editor saw such mistakes in his paper, he would be tempted to commit suicide."

"I have often thought it was a pity that grave typographical errors seem to be confined to the American press," said Dr. Angelicus, darkly. "However, I admit that I am intrigued over that item. Now perhaps there is such a thing as 'an important old Irish hand-stuffed carpet.' I wonder what they use for stuffing—chestnuts, dates, bread-crumbs, or moth-balls? I should like to see one."

CAMP TEGAWITHA

MOUNT POCONO, PA.

The Ideal Camp for Girls

CAMP TEGAWITHA IS IDEAL IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD. There is no location more desirable or attractive. Its nearness to New York, Philadelphia, and Buffalo makes it most accessible.

CAMP TEGAWITHA has the most complete and modern equipment for all land and water sports of any camp in the country.

The main buildings as well as the sleeping bungalows are equipped with electric light and running water.

Absolutely pure drinking water. Perfect sanitary conditions.

The counselors, who are graduates of the best young women's colleges in the country, are young women who are particularly prepared for the care and direction of young girls, and their interest in, and love for them, make it possible for them to accomplish wonderful results during the summer. A resident physician and trained nurse are always in attendance.

Write for descriptive, illustrated booklet K.

MISS MARY ANGELA LYNCH
380 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y.
Telephone: Cathedral 1272 (After June 1st, MT. POCONO, PA.)

It Has Everything a Camp Should Have

BERCHMANS BOWER

STRAFFORD BOW LAKE NEW HAMPSHIRE — A MOUNTAIN-LAKE CAMP FOR BOYS
Permanent Buildings. Resident Chaplain
300 Acres of Play Land, Golf, Horseback Riding and All Other Outdoor Activities.
$250 per season. Send for illustrated circular to
B. W. FEENEY, 1004 Grand Central Terminal, NEW YORK, N. Y.

COMMONWEAL ADVERTISING PAYS
Permanent advertising in THE COMMONWEAL has proved to be a paying venture for those who have used these columns.
COMMONWEAL ADVERTISING PAYS

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI
PILGRIMAGE
TOUR OF EUROPE
(A tour of exceptional interest throughout under guidance of a Franciscan Father)
Leaving New York June 19th
Notable Features, Ireland, Avignon, Nice, Pisa, Florence, Rome, Loreto, Venice, Padua, Switzerland, Paris.
LISIEUX—The Shrine of the Little Flower
Number Strictly Limited — For Complete Itinerary and Dates
THE GOTHIC TOURS
Jas. Hoyt Miller, *Director* — **Stamford, Conn.**
NEW YORK OFFICE: 500 Fifth Ave., Suite 101
Telephone, Longacre 2140

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELEVATORS
ELECTRIC PUSH BUTTON
EVEN A CHILD CAN OPERATE THEM WITH ABSOLUTE SAFETY
BURWAK ELEVATOR CO. 216 FULTON ST. NEW YORK CITY

The Only Perfect Substitute for Stained Glass, and at a Fractional Cost Is
"GLACIER" Window Decoration
Send for Booklet No. 5 with reproductions of a large number of designs and figures in colors.
WM. B. QUAILE, Importer for United States
486 Lexington Avenue, at 42nd Street New York

A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
OAK KNOLL School of the Holy Child
AN ELEMENTARY and COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL
SUMMIT, N. J. Resident and Day Pupils
Campus of 12 Acres on One of Summit's Highest Points
Rosemont College at Rosemont, Pa., St. Frideswide's at Oxford and finishing schools in Paris, Rome and Freibourg, are also under the supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus. 44 Blackburn Road, Phone Summit 1804

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY
95th and Throop Streets, LONGWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.
Accredited Boarding and Day School for Girls
Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame
ACADEMIC COURSE—Prepares for College or Normal Entrance
MUSIC—Conservatory Methods in Piano, Violin and Vocal
ART—Special Advantages. Three Studios Open to Visitors at All Times. Graded Courses in Both Music and Art Departments Lead to Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas

PORTSMOUTH SCHOOL
PORTSMOUTH, R. I. (Eight miles north of Newport)
To be opened by the Benedictine Fathers of the English Congregation, Sept. 28th, 1926. These fathers conduct Downside and Ampleforth Schools in England and Fort Augustus in Scotland.
Six Years' Course College Preparatory
For further information, apply to
Very Rev. F. WULSTAN KNOWLES (Prior) O.S.B., or Rev. J. HUGH DIMAN, O.S.B. (Head Master)
St. Anselm's Priory, Brookland, Washington, D. C.

"Then," continued Britannicus, "the following anecdote, apropos of American journalism, speaks for itself: One of the extremely youthful editors of one of your extremely intellectual reviews, left for a vacation. On turning over the editorial reins to his substitute, the latter asked him to outline the policy the paper should pursue in his absence. 'Oh,' said the youthful editor, seriously, 'just be bitter and cynical. Nothing else matters.'"

"Now you are not finding flaws in American journalism, but rather in American youth," declared Angelicus, "which, after all, is no more American youth than it is youth everywhere. But I'm not so sure that youth is always wrong. Here," he continued, fixing with a stern eye Miss Brynmarian who had just entered, "is something I wish you both to listen to. I have frequently remonstrated with you, young woman, over the barbarous fashion in which you have treated your hair—having shorn away all its beauty with your disfiguring modern shingle. You have only laughed at me. Listen to the wisdom on the subject which comes out of the mouths of babes." And Dr. Angelicus read from his newspaper:

"'Kansas City, Kansas.—Scored by her six children as un-Christian because she bobbed her hair and wore bright-colored clothes, Mrs. Leona Benedict was told in probate court here today that she should be proud to have children with such high ideals. The statement was made by Judge Henry Meade during a hearing regarding the custody of the children who have been living at the Mennonite Children's Home here. 'While I cannot say I believe it is un-Christian for a woman to bob her hair,' said Judge Meade, 'it is certain these girls and boys are morally good.'

"I will go even further than the Judge," continued Angelicus, "and allege that bobbed hair is decidedly un-Christian. For, after all, you know that 'woman's crowning glory is her hair.'"

"I know what man's is," quickly retorted Miss Brynmarian.

"What?" asked Angelicus, innocently.

"The brown derby," said Miss Brynmarian, as she flounced from the room.

—THE LIBRARIAN.

The Commonweal requests its subscribers to communicate any changes of address two weeks in advance, to ensure the receipt of all issues.

CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT RODGER, an English student of economics now living in this country, was formerly associated with the New Age (London) and active in the Douglas social credit movement.

MARY BRENT WHITESIDE, author of a book of poems, The Eternal Quest, is vice-president of the Poetry Society of London, representing the southern states.

EDYTHE H. BROWNE is a contributor of biographical articles to current magazines.

RICHARD REID is secretary of the Catholic Laymen's Association of Georgia.

JOSEPH MITTERAUER is a member of the editorial staff of the Vienna Reichpost.

KATHARINE MAYNARD is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK is a contributor to current literary and critical reviews.

DINO BIGONGIARI is a professor in the department of romance languages of Columbia University.

ACADEMY OF
MT. ST. MARY-ON-THE-HUDSON
Newburgh, N. Y.
Conducted by the Sisters of St. Dominic
Resident and Day Pupils
Registered by the University of the State of New York. Prepares for College, Normal, Business, Life. Exceptional opportunities in Music and Art.

The Brownson School
A Catholic Day and Boarding School for Girls
College Preparatory and Finishing Courses. Special Classes in French and French Conversation.
MRS. ATWOOD VIOLETT
22-24 East 91st Street, New York

MT. ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL
NEWBURGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.
Conducted by the Sisters of the Presentation.
A Home School for Little Boys, between the ages of four to eight.
A large farm for out-of-door life. Individual care. For particulars apply to Mother Superior.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED